EMMA;

OR,

THE UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.

A SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

LONDON:

Printed for T. HOOKHAM, at his Circulating Library,
in New-Street, Hanover-Square,

M.DCC.LXXIII.

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EMMA.

Lady NOEL to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER LIII.

Albemarle-Street.

DESPONDENCE, my deareſt Emma, is an addition to the misfortunes which Heaven has ſent you; ſuch an one as makes the others heavier, and calls down freſh ones on you, from incurring more wrath. You may tell me, I talk of comfort, who have never loſt an huſband; but if I did not know

that ſubmiſſion was required of the afflicted ſinner, I would by my lamentations drown yours; ſo deeply am I intereſted in my friend. But deſpair is repugnant to every dictate: we were created, and ſent into the world, to ſtruggle through many hardſhips; ſome to ſerve for examples to deter others from vice, ſome to prove that Virtue enables her votaries to riſe above all terrene objects. The vicious receive adverſity as a puniſhment; and, according to the uſe they make of it, it heals, or corrodes. The virtuous welcome it as a fiery ordeal, from which they come purified and cleared from the taint of the world.—Thus will you, by the practice of patience, ſoften

the

the aſperity of afflictions, and lay up endleſs happineſs.

Miſs Biſhop called upon me the day after ſhe got to town, and ſpoke better of your health than I durſt have hoped: it is an ineſtimable gift, my dear Mrs. Walpole, and ſhould be highly prized: I am at this time ſuffering for my imprudent diſregard to it. When I am once more releaſed from the medical crew, I ſhall be the moſt exact obſerver of regularity in my hours, that ever you ſaw.

I had been for ſome days quite *robuſt*, and ſcorned all the wiſdom of thoſe who talked to me againſt making too free with myſelf, when we received a card from Lady Rivers,

to invite us to a ball at her houſe laſt Monday. A private ball is my delight, and I accepted of the invitation. Sir Charles was ready to eſcort me, ſince I had reſolved on going: Lady Noel *adviſed*, in a diſtant way; but I turned a deaf ear to her ladyſhip, and iſſued forth after my long impriſonment. We met a *genteel* crowd when we got to Berkley-Square, amidſt which I quickly diſtinguiſhed the beautiful Lady Clarendon, and your Walpole, for the ſuperiority of their elegance. I had laid my injunctions on Noel to ſeize the firſt moment to introduce me to your *truant*; and upon hearing him named, I reminded *mio caro* of his engagement. When the formality

formality of the circle was removed by the getting up of the dancers, Sir Charles brought up Mr. Walpole to me. He was civil, and regretted his having already choſen a partner, or he ſhould have requeſted the *honor* of being mine: I ſaid that I did not mean to dance; then aſked whether he had heard lately from the Park? "No, Madam," anſwered he, going up to Lady Clarendon, whoſe hand he had engaged before.

They began, and I went into another room where there was leſs racket. Shortly after, Mr. Walpole, Lord and Lady Clarendon, came to us: they would have made a *Loo* party, and I was offered a ſeat with them, but declined it when I

found they intended to have *unlimited* Loo.

There was plenty of leſs *prudent* people there, and the table was ſurrounded in a trice. Several were lookers-on: I leaned over Mr. Muſgrave's chair, who ſat oppoſite to your huſband, my *conſtant* Sir Charles ſtanding by me. Walpole obſerving us, cried, with a very particular meaning in his countenance, "Faith, Noel, one would ſuppoſe "you an old man married to a young "wife, you are ſo afraid of loſing "ſight of her."—"Is there nothing "but *fear*," returned my huſband, "which can make a man deſirous of "being always with an amiable wo-"man?"

"At

"At your age there may," replied the other.——Lord Clarendon heard this with visible discontent; and his *silly* lady took pains to let us see she applied it as it was meant. Yet, I am persuaded, neither she nor Mr. Walpole design to do any thing that can injure him: but disproportionate matches seldom are happy ones; and it demands an extraordinary quantity of prudence, with so much beauty, to escape censure. . . I should not, my dear friend, have noticed this foolish passage, if you had not commissioned me to be exact in my account of what regards this man, who has promised to visit us often, if we will admit him when

he comes: I have given my porter directions accordingly.

Kittty was at this ball, with her brother, who is of a more *ſaturnine* complexion than ſhe is; but he is nevertheleſs a pretty-looking youth.

A violent fit of ſneezing, when I got back, beſpoke the bad conſequences of my jaunt: a hoarſeneſs and cough ſucceeded, and have ſpoiled the fineſt plan in the world; for I was to have been to-morrow night at the maſquerade, and the week after at Spring-Park..... But this luckleſs cold has fruſtrated all; and the badneſs of the roads, with an infinity of *impaſſable barriers*, have been raiſed againſt my going into the country.

I hear your Bel. is extremely handſome:

handſome: it would be wonderful if ſhe was not; for, *ſans compliment*, both you and Walpole are perfectly ſo.

Remember my advice to you, formerly, of not letting your meditations roll on the ſame point always: it is not worth our while to grieve or rejoice to exceſs for any thing in this globe. Adieu, my dear: reckon on my being always

Your affectionate

FRANCES NOEL.

Mrs. BROMLEY to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER LIV.

MY friendſhip for you, my dear Mrs. Walpole, enjoins me to give you information of an anecdote, which at preſent engroſſes the converſation of the town, and which in reality you have the greateſt concern in, as it may render the abſence of Walpole leſs grating to you, by ſhowing how unworthy he is of your regard.

No body was at a loſs to tell his motives for coming up ſo early to London, though ſome malicious whiſpers were circulated about *your* having,

having given him ſome cauſe of diſguſt: all who knew you, knew how improbable this was, and did not ſee him for ever with Lady Clarendon, without aſcribing his indifference to you to his attachment for this idiot, whoſe ſcandalous indiſcretions have long been the tea-table talk.

The old Lord was called jealous-pated and ſuſpicious by the *beſt-natured*; but the more penetrating exculpated him, and blamed the guilty. They have not been on the moſt peaceable footing for many months: but laſt night, Lady Clarendon having taken it into her head to go to the maſquerade in oppoſition to all he could ſay, he would not accompany her. It is imagined that

ſhe

ſhe did not go immediately to Soho, as it has been proved that ſhe did not get there for ſome hours after ſhe left her own houſe. Had her folly ended here, ſhe might have eſcaped detection; but, emboldened by her guilt, ſhe did not boggle at coming home at three o'clook in the morning with Mr. Walpole. . . Her lord's abuſed love could not brook this inſolence: he ſent her to her father's as ſoon as the day-light appeared, and has agreed to allow her a maintenance ſuitable to her rank. He has left town, and retired to his ſeat in the country, where he poſſibly mourns the miſbehaviour of this ungrateful woman. . . . .

The

The noiſe this has made is not to be written; but you may gueſs in ſome ſort at it. There are parties formed on each ſide, and the three have each their advocates: I am one of the *poor huſband's*, who certainly has been the injured perſon. As to yours, I ſhall only admoniſh you not to beſtow any thought on him, unleſs it is to ſhow how much you deſpiſe him. There are many methods of doing this, which would be practiſed, in the like caſe, by

Your ſincere friend,

And humble ſervant,

J. BROMLEY.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Mrs. BROMLEY.

LETTER LV.

MADAM,

THE miſapplication of a word cannot impoſe upon me. I judge of *my friends* not by their proteſtations ſo much as by their deeds, and muſt inform you, that *the friendſhip* which induced you to repeat that infamous *anecdote* to me is not of the kind I chuſe to entertain.... You have offered an inſult to me, in abuſing my huſband (whoſe *failings*, if he has any, I am much happier in being unacquainted with, than

than in the knowledge you are pleaſed to fancy it ſo much for my intereſt to have); and you have ſtill farther offended me by the concluſion of your letter. Had I no regard to the reſpect I owe to Mr. Walpole, yet *my pride* would keep me from treating with contempt the man whoſe name I bear.—But ſetting this aſide, there are ſo many better arguments againſt your *advice*, that I muſt be as great an *idiot* as any you know, were I to be prevailed on by it to give up my own opinion, which convinces me, that to retaliate an injury, even when we are certain of its having been done to us, is not the way to take ſatisfaction.—But who can preſume to vouch, that either

either Lady Clarendon or he have been criminal? Is it from the tongue of Calumny that we are to condemn the accuſed, or from appearances?

The firſt would blacken the ſpotleſs innocence of a ſaint, and forge guilt for the moſt irreproachable, merely to gratify itſelf. The other, too ſubject to the malice of this not to falſify, cannot, in equity, be admitted as poſitive proof. Where then ſhall we find it, ſince neither report nor equivocal circumſtances are to be taken? Shall I anſwer this queſtion, by telling you how I endeavour to conform myſelf to the precepts of that charity, which bids us to love our neighbours as ourſelves? I do not ſet up as an *example* of any

ſingular

ſingular perfection: but I make it a point never to cenſure thoſe who can be excuſed; for I am not to learn that *miſrepreſentation*, *accidental meetings*, and abundance of other *helps* to a ſtory, are employed to prove facts which never happened; and though a woman cannot be called *innocent*, who by her indiſcretion incurs the ſuſpicion of the world, ſhe may not yet have ſinned beyond forgiveneſs: there are many degrees between imprudence and unchaſtity. It is a laudable maxim, in general caſes, to ſuppoſe they are not far removed from each other; for to bid defiance to the public voice, is moſt avowedly ſhowing a want of that *pudeur*, without which the virtue of women is inſe-

cure.

cure. " The wife of Cæſar ſhould " not be ſuſpected ;" nor ſhould any female, who really values herſelf : but the fumes of flattery, the intoxicating pleaſure of general admiration, and ſometimes the artifices of the admirers, have decoyed many to the deſtruction of their reputations, who would not have parted with their virtue for all the joys of life. With a weak underſtanding, and a great deal of youth, this unfortunate Lady Clarendon has probably been drawn into the predicament ſhe is now in; and, far from ſeeing her in the light of a *rival*, I do not balance to grant her all my commiſeration, as an unhappy woman, more vain than frail, more aſperſed than guilty.

Mr.

Mr. Walpole may have neglected me; but who for that ſhall ſay he has ſeduced the wife of another? May he not have diſcovered faults in me, which, though he is too generous to publiſh, may have forced him to leave me? I do not complain of him: and does not this confirm his being right? Ceaſe then ever in future to teize me with tea-table chat, when it makes him appear leſs amiable than he is: the atteſtations of the whole town ſhould not make me condemn him, unleſs I could be convinced that a few months have wrought ſuch a change in his principles, as to have metamorphoſed him into that monſter called Seducer.

Lord

Lord Clarendon has been doubtleſs inſtigated by jealouſy, or miſguided by appearances, to conclude his wife has been criminal: under the dominion of either, he is to be pitied, as a worthy man, who is trepanned into miſery by the deluſions of his own temper, or the careleſsneſs of her conduct. . . . . I am, Madam,

Your very humble ſervant,

E. WALPOLE.

Mr. WALPOLE to Col. SUTTON.

LETTER LVI.

Portman-Square.

ALWAYS out of the way, Sutton, when I am moſt in need of you. Why the devil did you not ſtay

ſtay in town a few weeks longer? You might have kept me out of an ugly ſcrape by your wary proceedings: but the paſt cannot be brought back; ſo I muſt make the beſt of it. I aimed at nothing more than *common gallantry*; but when jealouſy blindfolds a man, he ſtumbles at every ſtep: ſo Lord Clarendon has fallen into a fury, becauſe I took care of his wife, and brought her home ſafe from the maſquerade. This has thrown me plaguily out of my ſchemes; for I thought to have paſſed my time, until Newmarket meeting, in playing the fool with this lovely ſimpleton: but this miſtake of his Lordſhip's has made me too ſerious

for

for that, aye, has even made me ſick of flirtation. . . . . .

You remember my reſolution on coming to town : O to forget the fatal ſource of it ! but that will not be ; for the ghoſts of my departed joys haunt me inceſſantly. I have ſought for pleaſure in vain ſince I quitted . . . . I ſhall play the ſchool-boy, as poor Jaffier ſays, if I dwell more on this *

London offered me an ample range, and I entered into its diſſipations with all the ſpirit of a young beginner, having never before partaken much of its pleaſures, from my father's ſeverity, and from my own indifference to them. I did not find

myſelf

myſelf the eaſier after having dined at taverns, ſauntered into public places, and ſeen all the ingenious devices of the age, *pour paſſer le tems*: the painful void remained. I ſought the company of the faſhionable: there I found amuſement for my ill-humor, by deriding the men, and flattering the follies of the women. In conformity to the reigning taſte, I ſelected one fairer than the reſt, to whom I attached myſelf as far as an Engliſh *ciciſbeo* can do. I had always admired Lady Caroline Warren for her beauty; I ſaw her full as charming when Lady Clarendon, and without any reluctance ſtyled myſelf her ſlave. Our long acquaintance, and the rout I had always made about her,

her, gave her a ſort of preference to me; and I have known her, upon my coming into her box, make whoever ſat next to her change places with me. A pretty woman needs not make many advances before we take the hint. I formed no plots againſt her, but I was always near her; and in her notice I felt myſelf better pleaſed than I had been for many weeks. Upon the arrival of young Biſhop in England, Lord Rivers, to introduce his nephew to the greateſt advantage, invited all the firſt people in London to a ball at his houſe. There I ſaw Lady Noel, who is a fine creature too. I danced with Lady Clarendon: I had engaged her ſome days before, or my *loyalty* would

would have been ſubdued by this charming ſtranger. Soon after we ſtood up, "See where my Lord has "placed himſelf!" ſaid my partner, "he ſtays there to watch me." "Rather ſay he has fixed on that "ſpot, as the propereſt to admire "you from; for, though an huſband, "he muſt be an admirer," anſwered I. She laughed out at my ſpeech, and ſhaking her head, told me I did not know him. This was an opening for me to think him jealous, and it was likewiſe an incentive to me to make him more ſo. I obſerved he followed us down, and, when we came to the bottom, ſeated himſelf at her elbow: this provoked me, and I was as particular to her as I could

be. To get rid of his frowns, which almoſt diſtorted his face, ſhe propoſed going to cards; I did not oppoſe it: we ſat down to Loo, ſhe betwen us ſtill: ſhe played boldly, and loſt a conſiderable ſum. My Lord cautioned her againſt her extravagances: ſhe replied, that he brought her *ill luck*: this drew from him a ſarcaſm on her, and they abſolutely quarrelled at the table. I was nettled at his ſurlineſs, and calling to Noel, who ſtood by his wife, I made ſome remarks on his aſſiduous attendance on her..... When the card-table broke up, Lord Clarendon inſiſted on their not ſtaying ſupper: ſhe as abſolutely perſiſted in ſtaying. After much reſiſtance, ſhe was compelled however

however to go. I offered to conduct her to her carriage, but he had undertaken to do that. I confeſs I pitied the poor young woman for being ſo treated; but I ſoon forgot her when out of my ſight.

The next evening there was to be a maſquerade. I had a ticket; but having ſat down to play, I did not recollect it, until ſome one coming in reminded me of it. It was then paſt twelve o'clock: I went home, and ſlipping on a domino, I was ſoon of the motly throng. Every room was filled. I accoſted a German peaſant, but was not encouraged by her: I then joined a party of Indians with their ſquaws, but found they were not of the *amicable* tribes.

A French noſegay girl patted me upon the ſhoulder, and I expected would have given me ſome diverſion; but, upon talking to her, I perceived the ſatyrical Miſs Biſhop had put on that dreſs; and as I do not like to be always baited by her, I left her for a demure Quaker, in whom the ſpirit was ſo quiet, that I, loth to diſturb it, turned about to a hoydening Columbine, in whom I ſaw Mrs. Bromley. When I had tried ſo many to no purpoſe, I gave over all hopes. It was rumoured, that an Allemande was dancing below by a gentleman in a cook's dreſs, and a pilgrim. I hurried with the reſt to ſee it, and when it finiſhed ſtaid there, as that was cooler than the rooms up ſtairs.

When

When I had grown weary of myſelf, to vary I was again going up; but as I ſtood at the bottom of the ſteps leading to the Cotillon-gallery, I beheld a divine form, in the habit of a Diana, who, ſtaring giddily about, miſſed her ſtep, and ſpraining her ancle by it, fell into my arms, which I had extended to receive her. I carried her in them to a more commodious place, and tearing off her maſk to give her air, I found Lady Clarendon had been the perſon I had ſuccoured, and that even *a Diana* was liable to make a *faux pas* in ſuch an aſſembly. I got water and drops for her, which ſoon recovered her. She was in great pain from her hurt, and wiſhed to go home: as it was only

two o'clock, and ſhe had not ordered her chair until four, ſhe grew extremely uneaſy: I offered her my chariot, which waited in the ſquare, not having deſigned making a very long ſtay where I then was: ſhe immediately agreed to take it, and ſent me to let her company know that ſhe had met with an accident, and could not remain there any longer. This executed, and the chariot being come up, ſhe leant on me and got into it, I ſtepping in with her: we drove to Groſvenor-ſquare, where, when we arrived, I would again have been her ſupporter; but ſhe intreated me not to go into the houſe, as my Lord would be diſpleaſed at her being with me.....

This

This did not hinder me from ſending the next day to enquire about her: I was thunderſtruck at hearing that Lord Clarendon had gone out of town early that morning, and that his lady was gone to Lord Surry's. When I went abroad, I was told by every body of this ſeparation, but was myſelf the only one who wondered at it; but from the ſhrugs and winks of the ſpeakers, I was informed, that *I* ſhould have been the leaſt ſurpriſed at it. Enraged at the injuſtice which had been done to an innocent, and ſhocked at the ſuſpicion of having debauched the wife of any man, I did all I could to clear her: I called in Harley-ſtreet, and was refuſed; but begging that, if

Lord or Lady Surry was within, they would permit me to ſpeak with them on important buſineſs, I was uſhered into a parlour, where, after waiting ſome time, the Counteſs came to me. Will you believe me, George? I never was ſo abaſhed in all my days, as I was in ſeeing the mother, whoſe looks upbraided me with having tarniſhed the reputation of her daughter, from the diſregard I had paid to the opinion of the world. Methought I was one of the ſkipping race, who feel no raptures but in ſpoiling the good name of a woman. I did not give Lady Surry leiſure to reproach me; but going up to her, I began with unfeigned contrition to blame my imprudence, in having

offered

offered *my* chariot, when other equipages might have been procured, which would have been more proper for conveying Lady Clarendon home. She palliated my fault, by deeming it rather an overſight committed through good-nature, than an intentional breach of decorum; but when ſhe came to relate the conſequences of it, not all her mollifications could prevent me from curſing the act.—Lord Clarendon had been averſe to her going out that evening; but ſhe had promiſed to go, and proteſted that nothing ſhould keep her from the maſquerade: after many words had paſſed between them about it, he ordered his chariot, and drove to Arthur's, and ſhe betook herſelf to

her dreſſing-room; and when ſhe had come forth a finiſhed goddeſs, ſhe went to ſeveral houſes where they admitted maſks; at laſt came to Soho, where ſhe did not get until it was very late. Every object there, it being quite a new ſcene to her, was delightful. I had never ſeen her until ſhe ſlipped down the ſtairs, though ſhe was a very diſtinguiſhable figure.—My Lord did not return for hours after they had parted; but when he came home, and heard ſhe had been carried to Carliſle Houſe, he was exceedingly angry. When we ſtopped at her door, he had peeped through the ſhutter, and obſerved my liveries and carriage: this was no ſoftener to him; but when ſhe came up lame,

and

and took very little notice of him; complaining conſtantly of her anle, he in ire demanded how ſhe came to be hurt, and inſinuated, that if ſhe had ſtaid quietly within, ſhe would have eſcaped all the impertinent familiarity of puppies, who took liberties with every one who invited them to it, as ſhe did, and one of whom, he ſuppoſed, in whiſking her about in a Cotillon, or ſome ſuch improper action, had ſprained her ancle. She ſcornfully ſneered at his miſtake, and ſaid, if he was always ſo much out in his judgement of things, it was no wonder he wiſhed to make her behave ſo differently from the reſt of the world; but this ſhould be a leſſon to her not to de-

pend

pend on his notions of any thing. This did not mend matters; and when ſhe had thrown him into a paſſion, ſhe was too much frightened to own, when he aſked, who had come home with her. After prevaricating for ſome time, he confounded her at once, by ſaying he had ſeen me. He took her bluſhes for ſo many witneſſes of her crime, and, flouncing out of the room, imprecated the vengeance of heaven to fall upon him, if ever he lived longer under the ſame roof with her, than the remainder of that night. By break of day he wrote a letter to her father, in which he loads her with accuſations, and returns her to him with an allowance

lowance of twelve hundred a year—then ſet out for his ſeat.

So concludes the whole of this affair, which will furniſh ſcandal for the next month to come, and which has cured me of fluttering about any woman; for I am not able to tell you the pangs I have felt on having parted, though without reaſon, a couple of people who might, but for me, have been bleſt. It is only Beelzebub who would deſtroy the happineſs he cannot enjoy: I proteſt to you, that ſuch malignity is not in the heart of

Your

WILLIAM WALPOLE.

Col.

Col. SUTTON to W. WALPOLE, Eſq.

LETTER LVII.

I BELIEVE you, Walpole, when you aſſure me of your remorſe; but I am concerned that you have plunged yourſelf into ſuch a ſtate, by a ſpecies of vanity which juſtly deſerves the reproaches you meet with. Had you been directed by me, you would, inſtead of entering into the pleaſures of the town, have returned to Spring-Park, where, by making uſe of your ſenſe, you would have found the happineſs you will fruitleſly ſearch for elſewhere. I frankly told you what I thought of your leaving

leaving Mrs. Walpole, under a pretext of *delicacy*, which, from being *outrée*, degenerates into folly: you might at leaſt have heard what ſhe would have ſaid for herſelf, and have tried how far ſincere ſhe was in her profeſſions, by her behaviour. I'll pawn my honor for her having redoubled her tenderneſs to you, had you conducted yourſelf towards her with gentleneſs; but he who ſquanders away the means that are given him, muſt not hope to recall them when he wiſhes. This capital error produced all your others: had you not abandoned your own wife, you would not have forced Lord Clarendon from his. Call you it an *innocent* recreation, to increaſe the jealouſy

louſy of an huſband? You would be mortified if any one compared you to the barbarous Nero or Domitian; yet what rack could the cruelty of tyrants invent, more terrible than the pain you wantonly gave this poor man? Was it by your particularizing Lady Clarendon, that you would have removed his ſuſpicions? You, who could not ſtand the bare apprehenſion of your Emma's thinking of *the ſhade* of a former lover, might, I ſhould have ſuppoſed, have made large allowances for the uneaſineſs of another, who perceived himſelf neglected for a *ſmarter* beau. I cannot make out your right to *ſelect* a favorite; but, if you would, could you not have fixed on one leſs critically

ſituated?

ſituated? Your heart was not touched; you was not dragged towards her even by this *weak plea:* what then can you advance for your having defaced the fair image of virtue in her, and ruined her fame beyond retrieval? The not having poſſeſſed her perſon does not make you free from guilt: you eſtranged her affection from her Lord; you expoſed her to the ignominy of being accuſed by him, and ſlandered by the public; and I will be judged by you, as *an huſband*, whether this is not offending againſt virtue in every ſenſe? Your carrying her home in your chariot at that late hour, though contrary to decorum, was much leſs criminal than your behaviour at Lord Rivers's,

Rivers's, which was the groundwork of their ſeparation, if I have any gueſs. We never ſtop at the firſt lapſe, but go on from little to greater, until we are ſwallowed up in vice: the pilferer who takes pins, ends in the highwayman or houſebreaker at Tyburn: the *flirt* becomes an intriguer, and ſticks at nothing to accompliſh his deſires; ruins the woman he profeſſes to *love*, (a contradiction in terms) and after a youth of gaiety, grows nauſeous to others, and inſupportable to himſelf, ending in diſeaſe and deſpair the exiſtence he has miſuſed.....

Lady Clarendon will, I hope, be improved by the chaſtiſement ſhe has had; but, if every woman would conſider

ſider that ſhe who tempts danger ſhall periſh, we ſhould not hear daily of the thoughtleſs creatures, who are laſhed by us for their eaſe, and by their own ſex for loſing the *garb* of decency, which, when all is ſaid, is very eſſential to their keeping that of chaſtity. A bold woman is a bad one; an unthinking one will come to be ſo too. Is not reſerve the ſhield of modeſty? and how can ſhe defend hers, who parts with its guard? Enquire of the wretched victims who people the ſtews, and you will find that more have fallen from their own imprudence, than from the wiles of men. He who would not betray an innocent girl, does not reſpect a forward

one:

one: the diffidence of virtue is as remote from the levity of coquettry, as from the ſqueamiſhneſs of prudery: it neither runs into danger, nor flies into violence on the ſlighteſt provocation: it ſhuns all extremes, as derogatory to its dignity; awes the libertine into reverence, and charms by its meekneſs the worthy.——

Examine this, and if you feel it, quit the ſhameful track you are in, go back to your wife, and repent of the injuries you have done her: ſo be reſtored to your peace, and to the eſteem of

GEORGE SUTTON.

Mrs.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LVIII.

Spring-Park.

I Do not write often to you, my deareſt Fanny, becauſe I would not diſturb your happineſs: the voice of grief is clamorous, and would interrupt more dulcet ſounds. I therefore ſuppreſs mine, and ſhould not take up a pen but to prevent you from ſuſpecting my friendſhip is abated by abſence or miſery. . . . .

Miſs Biſhop ſends me long and lively letters; but I cannot bring myſelf to keep up any correſpondence, excepting now and then with you.—

you.——The fortunate are eaſily amuſed; a light heart lends joy to every object that comes near it: thoſe who are otherwiſe, as a completion to their misfortunes, are more nice, and demand ſomething more than common incidents to excite their laughter. It is long ſince any thing has provoked mine, though the ſmiles of my dear babe make me ſometimes leſs ſolemn; but the ſentiments they raiſe in me are not of the kind which noiſe makes known. They bid me live, to make her happier than myſelf; and I am not yet ſo fond of life, as to find the neceſſity for it a matter for rejoicing: this damps me when the mother's heart dances at ſight of her, and would

make

make me glad as herſelf when ſhe ſtretches out her little arms to come to me.

Without partiality, I ſee her beautiful enough to make me anxious about her in future: ſhould ſhe continue thus, that beauty will attract, and like the honey be defiled by the flies that blow upon it. Envy may defame, love may more fatally blaſt it. . . . . .

Had I had a boy, it would have been dearer to the father, and leſs alarming to me. The circumſtance of his diſliking this is a link added to my affection for her: ſhe is to me as an helpleſs being, orphaned in her birth by my *folly*, and looking up to me as the only parent ſhe can find.

This

This retards my ſoul when it longs to wing its flight to Heaven. I ſhould live, my Fanny, I ſhould buffet through the waves of adverſity, to ſave my Annabella from the evils that environ her—but my ſtrength will be exhauſted ſhortly, and the billows will overwhelm me. I have long ſtruggled, but ſorrow muſt at laſt finiſh the work it has begun: it does not, like the fever, ſuddenly kill; but it as ſurely ends the patient.——— Could the ſame ſhroud wrap us together, how gladly would I be in it with my precious infant!——But be reſignation my endeavour, and let me bury in ſilence all impious wiſhes, which cannot be conformable to the will of the Supreme Diſpoſer.

I know Mr. Walpole could *mean* no wrong to Lord Clarendon; but, my friend, how inexcuſable was the lady in applying his joking with Sir Charles to her own lord! Their *ſtory* has reached me here, through the unthankful officiouſneſs of one who miſcalled her tattling Friendſhip.—It has ſown new ſeeds of ſorrow in my heart; though I will not ſuſpect my huſband of being ſo loſt to honor and religion, as to have entirely occaſioned the ſeparation: but to have done it in any degree, is bitterneſs to me.——You do not, Lady Noel, write to me as you uſed to do: you are too ſincere to deceive, too kind to wound me, and therefore would not animadvert on this

piece of intelligence. It was well meant; but to know *all* would be beſt for me.——

My father, peace be with thy ſpirit! my complaints do not, I hope, pierce to thy abode: but, if they do, thou wilt not hear me arraign thy conduct.——I am not wretched from averſion to the huſband thou gaveſt me, but from his indifference, which could not be foreſeen by thee.——Hear, Heaven, that Sidney's death does not pain me like Walpole's abſence! The ties of childiſh paſſion, how ſlender to thoſe of marriage, ſtrengthened by the dear pledge I have now with me! in whoſe features the father looks and ſpeaks to me every moment.

ment. She is a fine miniature picture of him—may ſhe never reſemble in her fortunes her mother, and

Your friend,

EMMA WALPOLE!

Lady NOEL to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER LIX.

Albemarle-Street.

BLISTERED be the tongue, or hand, that gave my Emma the diſtreſſing news of Lady Clarendon's diſgrace! may all its purpoſes be marred, as your joys have been!—It is marvellous to me, that theſe ill-omened blabbers are ſuffered to prowl about the world, picking up

all the diſmal reports that are abroad; and thoſe who are ſo addicted to *croaking*, that, rather than not do it, they will wound the ears of their beſt friends with the moſt direful relation, unfeeling as they are of the grief they give.

This eagerneſs to relate the *ſurpriſing* has made me break off all acquaintance with ſeveral, as perilous companions; for the *love* of goſſiping, and the *love* of truth, rarely meet together in one.

Thoſe who are ſo taken up with other folks concerns, cannot attend to their own: but, ſo far from being valuable for this *public-ſpiritedneſs*, they are to be ſhunned as nuiſances.—I do not deſire to know who was your

your informer: Kitty and I have abuſed *her or him* moſt vehemently, on finding you had been told of this ſcandal, which might have been hid from you without the leaſt detriment: but ſince it has been broached, I ſhall tell you all that can be known from *ſurmiſe*, which is all we have to go by.—Some jealouſy, and ſome indiſcretion, make this, as moſt other matrimonial diſſenſions, pretty equally the fault of both parties. Mr. Walpole, as having been the lady's uſual attendant at all public places, was naturally enough pointed out as the diſturber of their quiet.

He has ſince abſented himſelf from every aſſembly where it was likely they ſhould meet; compenſating

now for the contempt he had before ſhown to appearances.

He has called on us ſometimes ſince I met him at Lord Rivers's; but not having done ſo lately, Sir Charles, on enquiry, heard he was gone down to——, where the election for a repreſentative in parliament comes on in a few days, and for which he ſtands candidate. . . . .

Lord and Lady Wilmington are come over, after having been moſt of the winter in Paris, from whence ſhe is returned *toute à la Francoiſe*. *Milord* ſays this jaunt has been ſo expenſive, that ſhe muſt ſtay in the country all the next year, to recruit their fortune. She does not like Wilmington-houſe; but if he ſpeaks

her

her fair, and will remain there with her, I am certain ſhe will not oppoſe it. She has a heart ſuſceptible of the moſt paſſionate fondneſs, which ſhe would entirely beſtow on him: but ſhe is humorſome, and expects too much from him to be happy; for with a large ſhare of *good-nature*, and many other eſtimable qualities, he has a tepidity of ſoul, that ill aſſorts with the temperature of hers. She reminds him of the long *perſecution* ſhe endured for him, when ſhe is ſtung by his negligence about her; but he who could *forget* it ever, is not to be amended by her reproaches. She knows this, but cannot be calm when he ſhows it by his *ſans-ſouci*

air and behaviour. They make but a diſcordant pair, though they did go through great trials for each other: but I have ſeldom or never ſeen the conſtancy, which ſprung from ſuch motives as theirs, which could bear the rubs that muſt be encountered in the ſtate, where thoſe who are moſt united will ſometimes differ.

Hers was the effect of ſtubbornneſs; his, of avarice. Her friends repugnance to the match made her his: ſixteen thouſand pounds, which was her fortune, was a prize for a younger brother, and one too who has a *good idea* of the value of money; which is the only vice in him, between you and me. There

is

is ſome original flaw in the choice, that accounts for ſo many *love-matches*, as they are named, being ſo unhappy; yet *that* ſeems to be the only conductor, one would think, in chuſing a wife, or a huſband. But Dan Cupid is continually impeached for crimes which he has never had any part in: thouſands, who never invoked him, accuſe him of having been cruel to them: they have made themſelves miſerable, and blame him for it. The temple of Plutus ſwarms; his altars blaze, but the flame warms not; and thoſe who have rekindled it, being diſappointed in it, would buy love with the polluted offerings, and are enraged when it flies from them.—

Others, wiſhing to be more acceptable, bring to him, as God of love, victims tricked out in his mother's garments, but who, not having her *ceſtus* with the reſt, are left without one grace, when thoſe of youth and beauty are gone. He grants their prayer in part; but he cannot ſtop *ficklenеſs*, when brought on by *failings*; and deluded mortals are unhappy, without his participation.

We are all ready enough to juſtify ourſelves, though we beſpatter our beſt friends by doing it. This makes Lady Wilmington rail at my Lord for his indifference, when ſhe has ſent him from her by her *humors*, though her heart pants after him. This makes him inſenſible to her love,

love, when he complains of her caprice. Sir Charles chides his ſiſter; his mother gives it always againſt *her* when they have diſagreed, and ſpeaks of my Lord's *good-nature* and forbearance, when ſhe has ſaid the moſt vexatious things to him. She comes to me, and finds me more complaiſant to her; for I could not bear apathy in my Noel, and pity her for having met with it in her huſband.——

My deareſt Emma, why talk to me in the diſmal ſtyle you have lately adopted? You paint the frightful *charms* of Death with ſuch colourings, that I ſhall begin to ſuſpect you are going to prefer them to the lively friendſhip of your affectionate

F. Noel.

Mr. WALPOLE to Colonel SUTTON.

LETTER LX.

THE dæmon of ill-luck purſues me ſtill: I am brow-beat and fruſtrated by it in every attempt! Hear how I have been ſerved lately. On Mandeville's death, I offered myſelf to repreſent the borough of ——. I had every inducement to make me ſecure of carrying it; but who can truſt to the promiſes of electors! I had been invited down by the principal freemen—confound their inſolence for doing it, until they had been ſure of ſucceſs!—I found numbers were ſtill to be gained over

over when I got there. I undertook to do it: there is but one way of doing it, we all know; cringing to the richer, and corrupting the poorer more openly by the diſtribution of money: both may be compriſed in the word Bribery. We purchaſe votes from ſome by flattery, from others by gold: each has his *price*. It is harder upon me to play the courtier than the ſpendthrift; I did one and the other to obtain a ſeat in the houſe. I had often heard it ſaid, that ambition takes us through many dirtier ways, than any we go through in the humbler paths of life. I can confirm this; for no man ever waded in ſuch filth as I had to do with: ſuch a pack of ſcoundrels as I had to deal

deal with, ſuch treachery, ſuch knavery of every kind! I was eager for the coming on of the election, to deliver me from ſuch company.—— Two days before it an opponent came down, who threatened me with a ſtout conteſt. He was an Eaſt-Indian loaded with *lacs of rupees*; but I did not fear him, having expended as much caſh as would have bought half the land in the county. I opened half a dozen houſes; beer and ale flowed from all the conduits in the town; I gave magnificent treats to every comer, took every method of keeping up my popularity, even that of *pledging* the greaſy rogues in drinking, making myſelf as ſick as a horſe before I went to bed of a night. The

The day came which was to declare me a ſenator. I went to the Town-hall, ſaw there my brother candidate, and held him in deriſion for attempting to *oppoſe me*. Two or three of my *ſtaunchеſt* adherents had ſent me word that morning, that they were called out of the town by buſineſs: this did not raiſe a fear in me, who could not be defeated, from the great majority I had *ſecured* in my own conceit. The voters polled; I found it going againſt me, and ſaw ſeveral of my men go over to my antagoniſt, who, in brief, was declared duly elected, notwithſtanding all my certitude. I quitted them, with many anathemas on their corruption and my own abſurdity.

ſurdity. Upon diving deeper into the affair, I found that *the Nabob* had ſpent two thouſand more than I had, and had joſtled me by that. From beginning to end, it had coſt me near ſeven thouſand pounds. I came back to Portman-Square with hollow pockets and unquiet mind. I foreſwore elections, as I had done flirtations. The turf and cards were now my only ſolace: ill fortune was as much annexed to theſe; but I was not ſo openly bubbled by thoſe I met there, as I had been at ——. I loſt at the club in London, in four nights, twice the ſum I had thrown away in *douceurs* to the freemen. At Newmarket I did not win a ſingle bett: the horſe I choſe was always diſtanced;

ſtanced; my unlucky voice was as ominous as Lady Wronghead's fiſt: Arion would have been beaten, Bucephalus would have loſt his ſpirit, Eclipſe himſelf would have been *eclipſed*, had I betted upon them. I was not in the ſecret, and there are myſteries in all trades: I have paid for engaging in this; but ſince I am in for it, I ſhall not ſtop now, though, pinioned down as I am, it is a difficult job to raiſe money: but I muſt mortgage my eſtate for my life at an exorbitant intereſt, when there is no other way left to procure it; for my pleaſures are too few to be leſſened any more. . . . .

Have I not already ſworn to you, Sutton, that I cannot return to

Spring-

Spring-Park ? I dare ſay Mrs. Walpole would be all benignity and forgiveneſs ; but it muſt be her inclination, as much as her duty, which can make her tenderneſs of any avail. I would as ſoon fawn upon a miſtreſs who ſhould ſpurn me from her, as upon a wife who does not love me as I do her. How can ſhe, who regrets a *loſt* lover, find herſelf diſpoſed to another ! Could you, George, but get me to believe ſhe did, I would not wait until fortune had repaid my loan at the gaming-table, but fly to my Emma's arms with more extaſy than the day on which I took her trembling from her father's hand.—

——" So dear a bliſs my boſom could not know,
" When to my raptured breaſt I claſp'd the maid,
" As now her wedded fondneſs *could* beſtow."——

But

But that cannot be—I am excluded from it by a . . . . prior engagement; and your oratory will not remove the prepoſſeſſion from her, or

Your friend

WILLIAM WALPOLE.

Col. SUTTON to W. WALPOLE, Eſq.

LETTER LXI.

PERVERSE man, thus to draw yourſelf into troubles which were never deſigned for you to know! I am diſcouraged by your perſevering in your wilful follies: yet once more will I reaſon with you on your manner of running on from one miſchief into another. Walpole, you

you will rue the hour in which you threw yourſelf into ſharpers hands. You are a novice in the arts they practiſe: when you have been plucked by them, you will join to the horrors of being pennyleſs thoſe of ſelf-condemnation. You, who could never bear the leaſt miſery, how will you endure theſe, the worſt complication that can fall to one lot! You are now aſſaſſinating the peace you lament. Of all characters the gameſter's is of the blackeſt dye: it annihilates morality, ſtifles every ſentiment which the heart of man can feel *honeſt* pride in poſſeſſing: it levels all ranks in life, confounding the degrees betwixt the gentleman and the blackguard;

guard; they become upon an equality from living together. Many a nobleman ſits down with his groom, or any other menial ſervant, who, by ſome turn of the wheel, is able to ſtake as high, and pays his *debts of honor* with as ready a hand, as his lordſhip. Do we not ſee ſome of our haughtieſt men (in other reſpects) ſtooping to familiarity with the vileſt *ſcum of the earth*—the dregs of the people, who, from having had more luck than honeſty, can thruſt themſelves into the clubs where high and low meet upon the ſame line? Of what wretches is yours compoſed? Of the very refuſe of mankind, whoſe crimes have made them improper for any thing but gamblers, whom you would

would be aſhamed to own acquaintance with out of your club, yet who there are cheek by jowl with you. If evil communication is ſo contagious (that it is, will not be denied) what but roguery can be learnt from rogues? and thoſe of the worſt ſort too, who are more dangerous from coming within the letter of the law, and therefore are not to be puniſhed by it for the devaſtations they commit upon our property. They have but one end in view, that is *gain*; and for that nothing is untried, which *fineſſe* and knavery can practiſe. I would ſooner put my head into the mouth of an hungry lion, than my fortune within the reach of ſuch: the beaſt would be leſs ferocious

cious in the purſuit of his prey; he would be more pitiful to it.

The four *honors* are the deities which gameſters worſhip; and being of the infernal kind, they are the ſcourges of the world: ravaging and deſtroying are their paſtimes; every connexion is broken at their command; childleſs parents, widowed wives, mourn their tyranny. Look around, and you will find that the generality of the moſt famous frequenters of the turf are the leaſt happy in their domeſtic lives; and for a plain reaſon—they neglect the means, and often meet with a retaliation for the indifference they ſhow.

The vice of drunkenneſs transformed

formed men into brutes, changed their outward form, and brought diſguſt with it. Gaming, without cauſing ſo ſudden an alteration, makes even more execrable monſters of them: it changes the heart, and its effects are ſtill more deplorable; faces diſtorted by the anxiety attending on the employment, minds warped by avarice, bodies decayed from late hours, and the two forementioned foes to *Hygiea*.

The chances being the only thoughts belonging to the ſharper's trade, when he has ſpent moſt of his life in calculating thoſe, he fancies the univerſe governed only by them: and the firſt time they are unfavorable to him, he who has never found

any

any occaſion for *ſoul* in his commerce with mankind does not remember that he has one, but, to rid himſelf of *miſchances*, puts the piſtol to his head, and ruſhes into a place where *kings* and *knaves* have no intereſt, where *ſhuffling* will not paſs, and plain *dealing* makes him intolerable to himſelf.

And theſe, my dear Walpole, are the aſſociates you have choſen! Some of them, you will ſay, are perſons of rank; but are they the men you would have fixed on, had they not infected you with their pernicious follies? You, who never ſought amuſements, but from the judicious and the elegant, can you now find it in ſuch a herd, whoſe cheat-

ing they think refinement, whoſe low cunning ſits in the place of wiſdom?

Recollect yourſelf whilſt you may yet recede, and do not, by ſeeking to recover your loſſes, tumble into the gulph which is not farther than a ſtep from you. If the twelve thouſand pounds which I have in the ſtocks can be ſerviceable to you, I will draw it out; but it is on condition, that you make uſe of it to releaſe yourſelf from the harpies who have ſurrounded you: it cannot elſe be of utility; for, at the modern rate of playing, it would be but as a drop of water thrown into the ſea; it would not give you a quarter of an hour's *diverſion*.

You

You are abuſive to the freemen of ——; but you ſeem to have no reproaches to make yourſelf, forgetting that the *tempter* participates largely in the guilt. Beſides, as you would have ſold your vote in the Houſe, you ſhould have expected to have bought your ſeat. An extravagant man will be a needy one. Your freemen of —— knew the *general* intereſt would be betrayed as ſoon as you got into parliament: they therefore, as *individuals*, were for making as much as they could of you. I do not mean to juſtify bribery; but I would ſtill leſs excuſe the giver, than the taker of it. You will be ready enough to *excuſe* me, I dare ſay, for putting an end to this.

GEORGE SUTTON.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXII.

Spring-Park.

AH! my dear Fanny, ſhall I never have done with complaints, and muſt the moſt amiable of men contribute only to my unhappineſs!—You told me of Mr. Walpole's going to the election at ——; but you could not have told me of the ruinous conſequences of it: thoſe are now too plain to me. Laſt week the ſteward came to me, and, with tears ſtreaming down his honeſt face, apologiſed for the freedom he took in acquainting me, that the

the expences of the family ran very high; that he had ſupplied Mr. Walpole with immenſe ſums ſince he went up to London, and that his frequent demands had left very little money in his hands. He knew his late employer had put it out of his ſon's power to ruin his eſtate; but he had, at his death, found a conſiderable ſtock of caſh, which would have anſwered all his wants, had he not engaged in gaming and electioneering, at which he had expended above forty thouſand pounds in a few months.—When I begged he would put me in a way of retrenching, he obſerved, that this was a very expenſive place to keep up; that a large houſe required

a number of ſervants, &c. &c. and that it was impoſſible there ſhould be leſs ſpent here than there was; but that there was an antique manſion-houſe in Yorkſhire, which old Mr. Walpole had now and then viſited, and which, from its remote ſituation, would ſuit the purpoſe of retrieving our fortune in a few years, if I could prevail on Mr. Walpole to retire there with me. . . . . This I knew I could not do; but I reflected, that, if by ſaving ſome ſmall ſhare of his income, I could prevent him from being diſtreſſed, I ſhould not demur about it; and this determined me on writing for permiſſion to go down to Yorkſhire, where retirement and ſolitude would hinder

hinder any appearance of grandeur from being ſeen about me.—His anſwer was ſhort—I might pleaſe myſelf in every thing; he never meant to controul me.—Is this, Fanny, the huſband who ſix or eight months ago would not have been ſeen to frown before me? Cruel man, now to treat me with an indifference bordering on contempt!... Thus licenſed, I am preparing to take myſelf and my daughter from this beautiful place: but of what conſequence is the circumſtance of *place?* can I any where ſuffer more than I have done here? did the high-raiſed roof, the gilded cornices, the painted pannels, or inlaid floors, give me the ſmalleſt conſolation,

when I found myſelf deſerted here? If not, why feel ſorrow at leaving it? Ah! Lady Noel, pride cauſes more pangs, than real misfortunes often; it makes us bluſh at *ſeeming* poor, more than at *feeling* ſo: if we can appear like our neighbours, we care not how much we are pinched within doors. How many flaming equipages are filled with empty purſes, and heavy hearts! And is it only this imaginary good which I am ſorry to part with?—Something more too; for, in being obliged to quit the family-ſeat, I foreſee the want of many of the conveniencies, as well as luxuries of life: my little Bel. will be degraded from the rank ſhe was born in; ſhe will be

nurtured

nurtured in penury—but, if her father dooms her to it, I have no right to object.

On Monday we depart: Gracious Heaven, fortify my mind againſt the weakneſs of being affected at ſo trivial a ſacrifice! I do not mention it but my heart ſinks, as if, in leaving Spring-Park, I left the whole world.—What an abſurdity! Do I not remain in the ſame kingdom with my friend? ſhall I not find the ſame opportunities of correſponding with her? Yet this frigid North chills me whenever I think of it. Every body in the houſe looks as if they felt the ſame ſenſation, when I ſpeak of making preparation for our journey. When the flurry of moving

is over, I ſhall be enabled to weigh more juſtly the real advantages of this ſtep: I know I ſhall be fond of my ſequeſtered habitation as ſoon as I am ſettled in it, though I am ſo unwilling to abandon this.

I have impowered the ſteward (under an injunction of ſecrecy) to receive Sidney's fatal legacy, and to employ it for Mr. Walpole's uſe. It is the only way it can compenſate for the trouble it cauſed him: it is too inſignificant to aſſiſt him much; but, if it purchaſes an hour's pleaſure for him, it will be well ſpent.

You ſhall be informed of my arrival in Yorkſhire as ſoon as I get there. Adieu until then.

EMMA WALPOLE.

From the SAME to the SAME.

LETTER LXIII.

Roſe-Court.

MY prophetic heart ſpoke truly when it bad me grieve for Spring-Park. Oh, my dear Lady Noel, what a falling-off is here! But before I deſcribe this, let me ſay how I left that place.—Four days after my laſt, when I had worried myſelf and every one elſe with packing and regretting, I began to make the intended reform in my houſhold. Sixteen ſervants were diſcharged, and there remained no more than thoſe I had found in the houſe

houſe on my becoming miſtreſs of it: thoſe who remained, were the faithful few, whoſe long ſervices had entitled them to a fixed reſidence there. They gathered about me when the time of my going from them drew near, and, by the concern they ſhowed, made me more loth than ever to go: my reverend favorite the gardener, as I was getting into the coach, ſnatching the child from its nurſe, and taking it into his arms, dropped on one knee, addreſſing himſelf to Heaven, whilſt, diſſolved in ſorrow, he uttered the moſt fervent prayers for the infant and its unhappy parents. The action, his manner, and the ejaculation, moved me more violently than any

part

part of this ſcene had done ; and I was hardly ſenſible when we drove from the door. I was rouſed from this, by finding myſelf environed by perils and dangers from the badneſs of croſs-roads, and the trouble of having ſo young a companion in my travels : ſhort ſtages, late hours, and all the other impediments to expedition, detained me ten or twelve days on the road.—After traverſing barren moors, and unfrequented paths, we at length ſtopped at a little gate, which cloſed up the entrance to a houſe encompaſſed by an high wall, which did not admit the leaſt view of it : when we had waited at the outſide for ſome time, an old man, ſtooping under years

and

and infirmity, hobbled to the gate. Shall I, my Fanny, avow my folly to you, and tell you that this ſight redoubled my horrors? which became ſtill more inſupportable, when on going in I ſaw the mouldering ruins of an once ſuperb dwelling, lying in neglected heaps about it—here windows, which gaped for the glazier's aſſiſtance; there doors, whoſe ruſted hinges echoed through the paſſages when moved: worm-eaten tables and chairs; and chaſms in the walls, through which the hooting of the owl, and the cry of the bat, entered every moment. I turned back, not knowing how to advance where every object preſented me with ſuch views: but whither could

could I fly?—When we had ſcrambled through ſeveral dark rooms, we came to one wing, where time had not made quite ſo much devaſtation; a large room, wainſcoted with oak, and lighted by one huge window, which the painted glaſs ſerved to dim, and render gloomy at midday: the lowneſs of the cieling, and the brownneſs of the floor, completed the emblem of a dungeon. Out of this I went into a ſmaller, which I call my parlour, and from whence I can ſee nothing but an immenſe grove of firs, whoſe darkſome ſhade ſeems for contemplation made. The bed-chambers are not much more numerous or agreeable. This houſe and eſtate came into the family by

the

the marriage of an heireſs, ſixty or ſeventy years ago, and was for many years kept up in great ſplendor; but taſte altering, this was abandoned for another, and has been left to decay in the poſſeſſion of an old farmer, who, ſatisfied with occupying the kitchen and offices, has left the better apartments to birds and mice to inhabit. Such, my deareſt friend, is the company, and ſuch the accommodations, I have here. Poor Bel. the firſt day we got here, unuſed to ſuch ſights, ſcreamed inceſſantly, and could not bear the darkneſs of the rooms; but "de-"grees make all things eaſy," and ſhe, as well as myſelf, has grown leſs fretful.—I have done more; for,

reſolved

reſolved on being pleaſed, I have under-taken to have the garden cleaned and new planted: the ſweet ſhrub, from which the place takes its name, grows in abundance about it, and makes the chief pride of my garden. . . .

As I ſhall only ſpend the four hundred a year, which in happier days was allotted to adorn my per-ſon—when I had a huſband to pleaſe in dreſs!—it was neceſſary for me, on coming here, to lay down my carriage, and to reduce my attend-ants to Wilſon, one man, and another maid ſervant. It is much more dif-ficult, my dear Fanny, to conform to poverty after affluence, than for thoſe to abide its rigors who have never taſted plenty. The farmer and

his

his daughter, who have never been in another place, enjoy the quiet of this, and are not affrighted, as I am, at its dullneſs: they do not compare it to Spring-Park, and ſicken at the difference.——I walk about, and hope in time to find charms of ſome ſort or other hereabouts: but not an human viſage have I beheld out of my own precincts. I am not fond of ſtrangers; therefore this ſhould be no misfortune: yet, when the mind is diſturbed, every thing is complained of. I am unjuſt in not telling you, that the lanes, though untrodden by any feet but mine, are really pleaſant; the fields are clad with as lively a verdure as in Dorſetſhire; the woods

are

are full as beautiful; and the birds, without the help of the nightingale, give me moſt melodious concerts. The houſe, even from its reſemblance to the *colour of my fate*, has ſome charms for me; it gives me ſubject "for meditation even to madneſs," and I indulge myſelf in it to the full. Whatever diſlike I felt to it at firſt, I find now that it is wiſeſt and beſt to parley with my woes, and by frequent converſe become intimate with them: it is the way to loſe the dread of them, and to harden my heart againſt new ones.

Yours ever,

EMMA WALPOLE.

Lady

Lady NOEL to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXIV.

Albemarle-Street.

AMIDST the dreary regions of the north, one pleaſure will be felt by my Emma, I am convinced, that of hearing *her* friend is mother to a lovely boy; whoſe birth would have finiſhed the height of my happineſs, had I not had *my* unfortunate friend's deſtiny to have deplored.——

And is it Mrs. Walpole who is condemned to inhabit the ſolitary Roſe-Court, where owls and bats have, by long poſſeſſion, reigned ſole pro-

proprietors! Forbid it, friendſhip.—No, Emma, never ſhall you, whilſt I have an houſe, live in that miſerable den. We are going to Noel-Caſtle to-morrow, where I ſhall prepare apartments more ſuitable for you. You ſhall not be buried in Yorkſhire; and to what end!—But, without *leſſening* Mr. Walpole, I will endeavour to diſſuade you from thus renouncing all the harmleſs joys of the world. You are wrong in ſuppoſing, that continually meditating on your woes will make them leſs painful to you; you would ſooner loſe your reaſon by this than your feeling: every recollection is a new pang; and to think of them always, is to keep open the wounds which bleed afreſh

at

at each thought. Believe me, your heart cannot be *hardened*, but it may be broken, by the load you lay on it; for, "far as diſtreſs the ſoul can "wound, 'tis pain in each degree;" and you will ineffectually attempt to deaden your ſenſibility by the method you propoſe. Fly from your darkſome abode to your Fanny, and a more chearful dwelling. I ſhuddered for you in reading of your firſt entrance into the moſs-grown ruins. Mr. Walpole, I preſume, has never been there himſelf, or he would not have conſented to your going.

Sir Charles is looking over me, and charges me to inſiſt on your coming to us; he even promiſes you ſhall be as much of a recluſe with us as you

are

are now, if you ſhould ſtill hold it neceſſary to be ſo; do but let me have the ſatisfaction of ſometimes talking with you, and of ſeeing that you are well taken care of. Our bantlings will make the charmingeſt couple in England; your Bel. ſhall teach my Charles all her antics, and he ſhall repay her, as ſoon as he has ſenſe enough to admire her beauty. We ſhall find employment enough in the nurſery to keep off all diſagreeable thoughts.—Come then, my ſweet Emma, and leave at Roſe-Court all your ſorrows, or bury them in the ſympathetic boſom of

Your

F. Noel.

Mrs.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXV.

Roſe-Court.

MY ever kind Fanny, why will you make requeſts which I cannot comply with, ſince I muſt not leave the habitation I have choſen? Would it not be improper, after having left Spring-Park at my own deſire, now to change again? I muſt not, by my fickleneſs, encourage Mr. Walpole in thinking I have no *opinion* of my own. He ſhall know that I *can chuſe* for myſelf in this, as well as in every thing elſe,

and

and that I am ſteady in purſuing the reſolutions I am capable of making.

You ſay true, my beloved friend; I ſhould have joyed in your felicity, had I heard of the birth of your ſon in the *moſt dreary of regions:* in this I felt it in the livelieſt manner. May you ever find increaſing happineſs, without any damp from the miſeries of your friends! You muſt not, ſhall not ſigh for me at ſuch a time; for I am happy, Fanny; happy in the teſtimony which my own heart gives of my not having ſwerved from the dictates of my duty. Need there be more to make me contented? There does not; and my *darkſome abode* is brightened every hour by the ſerenity of my mind. Solitude, my

dear Lady Noel, has nothing terrible, but what we give it from our erroneous judgement of it: correct that, and the ſtillneſs of the deſert ceaſes to be ſhocking. I wander alone for a whole day; and when night comes, I feel myſelf conſiderably improved in the art of thinking. When the ſun puts on his beſt robes, my girl is carried out, and accompanies me in my walks: yeſterday we had rambled farther than our uſual boundaries, when a black cloud ſuddenly gathered over our heads, and threatened us with a ſhower: I looked about for ſome ſhed to protect us from it, but could perceive nothing near which would ſerve for that: we turned down a narrow lane, whoſe hedges almoſt met together, and

after

after putting aſide the branches which obſtructed our paſſage, and walking ſome length in it, a ſmall building appeared at the end of it, and terminated our proſpect. Taking it for ſome farm-houſe, we made up to it, and knocking at it, begged to be ſheltered there from the rain, which now poured down in torrents.

We were conducted into a ſmall room, where, from the collection of books, the tambours, muſical inſtruments, and gentility of the furniture, I concluded it could not belong to the ſort of people I had at firſt imagined. A moment after, I found I had been more ſucceſsful in this laſt conjecture, by the appearance of a lady, who acquitted herſelf of the ceremonial due to her gueſts with in-

finite politeneſs. Her figure was *prevenante* without being fine, her countenance was placid, her voice plaintive and ſoft, and the whole air of her perſon ſuch as inſpired good-will from the beholder. She inſiſted on bringing dry cloaths for us to put on, and intereſted herſelf ſo much about us, that I loſt my wonder at the adventure in admiring the humane ſtranger, who regarded only the diſtreſs we were in from the accident, without ſeeming to recollect ſhe had never ſeen us before. We feel for ourſelves in feeling for a friend; but the kindneſs we ſhow to the unknown can only ſpring from urbanity. I revered the diſintereſtedneſs of our hoſpitable entertainer, and

the

the univerſal benevolence of her nature. Bel. appeared to underſtand my ſentiments; for ſhe returned her careſſes as if ſhe had been ſenſible of her goodneſs to her, and, when we got up to go, cried at being taken from her. The child's partiality pleaſed her extremely, and ſhe requeſted that I would ſuffer her to cultivate a better acquaintance with me and her young friend. I was overjoyed at having it in my power to gratify her and myſelf. We parted with equal acknowledgements on both ſides, and I am conſtantly on the watch for her approach, which I expect will be very ſhortly——John tells me a lady is at the door: it muſt be her.——

In Continuation.

It was her; I went out to meet her: ſhe apologiſed for the earlineſs of her viſit, but ſaid ſhe was obliged to be at home again in a few hours; and as her time was not quite at her own diſpoſal, ſhe took the firſt ſhe could get to wait upon me. From this I ſuppoſed her confined by ſome ſick huſband or decrepid parent; but ſhe ſoon rectified my error by ſaying, "I have the advantage of you, Ma-"dam, in knowing to whom I ad-"dreſs myſelf: retired as we live, my "ſiſter and I heard that Mrs. Wal-"pole was come to reſide at Roſe-"Court; and though we had not the "pleaſure of being perſonally ac-"quainted with you, the name was "perfectly

" perfectly familiar to us. We have
" often mentioned, with concern,
" the very dull life you would lead
" after coming from a gayer place.
" There was an aukwardneſs in viſit-
" ing without ſome kind of intro-
" duction, which has hindered me
" from doing it before."——

I renewed my thanks to her for her civilities to us yeſterday, and for crowning them by her coming to-day, and begged to know from whom I had received ſuch favors.——

" My name, Madam, is Neville;
" my ſiſter's, Wentworth: we came
" here about a year ago to ſeek for
" retirement, which we have hap-
" pily found."——

A confuſed idea aroſe in my head upon hearing of Neville, which I could not make out for ſome time; but I have diſcovered ſince, that it proceeded from the letters I had read from and to Colonel Sutton. As I never found an opportunity of hearing the ſtory of them from Mr. Walpole, I cannot decide whether my neighbour is the ſame as the lady thoſe treat of, or not. When we are better known to each other, I ſhall judge of this.——

We diſcourſed, during her ſtay, with the eaſe which always beſpeaks an inclination to be as pleaſing to, as we are pleaſed with, our company. She told me, that when they came to Rye-Farm, they found it overgrown with

weeds,

weeds, and in the utmoſt diſorder; but that, after they had agreed to take it, they never deſiſted until they had brought it to its preſent pleaſant appearance. She engages, by her aid and directions, to enable me to beautify Roſe-Court as they have done their farm. When ſhe went from hence, it was with reluctance; but Mrs. Wentworth, ſhe ſaid, was not in a ſituation to be left long alone; that ſhe had met with misfortunes, which had weakened her ſpirits to a degree that almoſt amounted to deſpondency; therefore ſhe would take her leave, and hoped ſoon to ſee me at their houſe.—This I engaged ſhe ſhould do.

I felt my heart exhilarated by the agreeable converſation I had had with this new acquaintance, from whom I expect much benefit, as ſhe let drop ſome expreſſions, that indicated her having ſurmounted many difficulties by her fortitude. This *practical preacher*, my dear Fanny, will indubitably effect my reformation, and ſave you the fatigue of liſtening to my murmurs: ſhe will, however, never diſplace you in the affections of

Your

EMMA WALPOLE.

Lady

Lady NOEL to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXVII.

Noel-Caſtle.

MUST one travel to the extremity of Yorkſhire, my dear Emma, to find agreeable companions? Well, long as the journey is, behold me ready to ſet out, was it not for the two Charleses, who will not let me ſtir without them: and really, when I go to ſeek *adventures*, I do not care to take ſuch incumbrances with me; though, give them their due, I have no doubts of their both contributing to my pleaſures every where. But, admitting that to be

be indiſputable, there are a multitude of other bars to my peregrinating now. Firſt and foremoſt, Lord and Lady Wilmington came down with us, and do not mean to move off in a hurry: ſhe *hates* Cornwall, he *loves* money, and both are agreed in remaining here: I would I could add they were as well *agreed* in other matters; but indeed they are perpetually *flouting* at each other. I will give you a ſpecimen of their behaviour: about three weeks ſince, he and Sir Charles called upon Mr. Manners, who does not live far from us: he propoſed their making a party to paſs a few days in ſeeing the curioſities of the neighbouring country: Lord Wilmington cloſed with

with it; Sir Charles would not go, unleſs the Ladies were to be with them: this was to be ſettled when they came home, and accordingly he aſked Lady Wilmington and me whether we choſe to go: ſhe is very big with child, and not diſpoſed to racket much about; therefore we declined it. This put a ſtop to my Noel's going, but not to Lord Wilmington's. I perceived the poor Julia to be horribly hurt at the difference in our huſbands; but ſhe was above taking any notice of it to hers, who went off early the next morning to join Manners and half a dozen other young men, without being ſenſible that his wife could ſuſpect him of unkindneſs. Lady Wilmington

mington ſuppreſſed her ſentiments before her brother, but vented her ſighs in my ear when we were left together. I knew how I ſhould have ſuffered in ſuch a caſe, and could not wonder at her complaining. After a week's abſence, during which ſhe had never heard from him, he came back, and was offended at the cold reception he met with from her. Not long after he went, Sir Charles received a viſit from a French gentleman, who had ſhown us particular civilities at Liſle. The Marquis de Sabran, with all the *politeſſe* of his nation, is ſedulous in his attention to women, which, from an Engliſhman, we ſhould ſuppoſe proceeded from ſomething more than

common

common gallantry; but from him it is only an habitual ſoftneſs of manner, which he has acquired from education. Lady Wilmington took very little notice of the Marquis, whilſt her thoughts were full of her Lord's indifference and his abſence; but the inſtant he returned, her reſentment made her affect to attend only to this flutterer. It was viſible that my Lord obſerved her, and did not reliſh her procedure. I adviſed her againſt employing ſuch miſtaken means of reclaiming her huſband's heart; told her, that in leſſening her own conſequence by coquettry, ſhe vindicated his inattention; that no unlawful arts ſhould be employed in aiming at happineſs: but ſhe ſilenced

me

me by replying, that, as ſhe was convinced ſhe could not wound his *tenderneſs* by coquetting, ſhe was reſolved to mortify his vanity, which could not bear to ſee her prefer another to him; that in *managing* her brother, who had much ſenſibility, there was no occaſion for my making uſe of art, as he would never deviate from the rules I preſcribed him.—There was ſome ſhow of juſtneſs in theſe arguments; but, my dear Emma, who ever found the man who could be amended by correction, which he cannot properly feel? I own I tremble for a pretty woman, who endeavours to pique her huſband into fondneſs by encouraging other men: ſhe engages in a ſcheme which

may

may blaſt her own character, but which has never yet been of any uſe. Poor Lady Wilmington will be hurt continually, whilſt her Lord may be provoked by her to anger, but will never be ſenſible of her intention, unleſs, like Pigmalion, ſhe could animate the ſtatue by her love. Of all misfortunes, that of being connected with a perſon of his diſpoſition would be leaſt endurable to me: what is generally called Ill-uſage would awaken all one's pride, and, that offended, one could eaſily detach one ſelf from the loved object; but one of theſe frigid hearts, who have by prepoſſeſſion on our ſide, or by aſſiduity on theirs, rendered themſelves dear to us, deſtroys

our

our peace by the ſloweſt tortures, and it takes whole years to ſubdue the ill-placed attachment. You may diſcover from this, my friend, that I ſhould more readily ſubmit to be inſulted by Sir Charles, than to be neglected by him. But to continue my narrative—Lord Wilmington, finding ſhe ſtill went on in giving a preference to the Marquis, and even appeared to make a ridicule of him, by ſarcaſtic laughs and half ſentences, which ſhe ſtopped at when he drew near, loſt all his *good-nature*, and, to revenge himſelf, went with his jovial friends, Manners, &c. to the muſic-meeting at Worceſter, without conſulting her, or even mentioning his deſign until the evening

before

before he ſet out. No ſooner was he out of ſight, than Sabran was totally diſregarded, and ſhe ſhut herſelf up to weep the ingrate whom ſhe had abſolutely ſent off. He has been gone two days, and ſhe keeps her room, to avoid ſhowing her *weakneſs*, as ſhe calls it herſelf, and her brother's rebukes, who is out of all patience with her, for thus *girliſhly* playing with her happineſs.—Lord Wilmington, he ſays, cannot help his tepidity, but ſhe might her whimſicalneſs; that, if ſhe expected more tenderneſs from him, ſhe ſhould ſet him the example, and not by pouting frighten him from her.—Much, my deareſt Sir Charles, may be ſaid on both ſides: I could be as

good

good an advocate for Julia, as you are for his Lordſhip, but that I will not contradict you: nor will I longer detain you, Emma, to hear that few wives are as bleſt as

Your

F. Noel.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXVIII.

Roſe-Court.

WAS it only the *indifference* or *inſults* of huſbands, my deareſt Lady Noel, which were to be apprehended, it would be eaſy to ſhun the evils of life, by not entering into matrimony; but Miſs Neville's health

health is conſumed by grief, without having any ſuch tie. I kept my purpoſe in waiting upon her ſhortly after ſhe had been with me: ſhe ran out to me as if ſhe had impatiently wiſhed my arrival. There are ſome ſouls ſo near a-kin to our own, that they are quite congenial, and become a part of ourſelves. Such is this of Miſs Neville's to mine: I find my heart expand itſelf the moment we meet, and ready to confide all its cares to her, and to receive hers. Our liking is mutual; ſhe baniſhes all reſerve when we are together. The firſt afternoon I went, I was preſented to Mrs. Wentworth, who retired immediately after, as if the ſight of a ſtranger was diſagreeable to her:

her : I was uneaſy at the ſuppoſition, and ſignified to her ſiſter that I was afraid I had diſcompoſed her. " No, " my dear Mrs. Walpole," anſwered ſhe, (her eyes twinkling as ſhe ſpoke) " my unfortunate Matilda " has no objection to ſeeing *you*; but " ſhe cannot ſtand the firſt appear- " ance of any perſon : ſhe has ſe- " cluded herſelf ſo long from ſo- " ciety, that ſhe will never again be " reconciled to it. Very lively tem- " pers cannot ſtruggle againſt misfor- " tunes, as more penſive ones can : " my ſiſter's ſpirits ſunk under hers ; " but I will go and prevail upon her " to come to us again." She went, and Mrs. Wentworth accompanied her back, and ſat with us all the time

I ſtaid, but did not join us often in talking, ſaving now and then when any ſubject was ſtarted, which alluded in any ſort to her own caſe. I ſpoke of Bell's partiality to Miſs Neville: to this ſhe replied, that, had Heaven favoured her, her ſiſter would have had a nephew, who would have been as *partial* to her; but, (ſighing deeply) "I was not deſtined to be happy, and that laſt chance was wreſted from me by the ſame inexorable fate which has perſecuted me in every hope." "My deareſt Ma-
"tilda," ſaid Miſs Neville, "al-
"ways repining at the diſpenſations
"of providence! What is the fate
"you accuſe, but the will of your
"Creator, whoſe *fiat* gave you be-
"ing,

" ing, and whoſe power preſerves
" you ſtill, though you oppoſe his
" will? He has afflicted you, my
" ſiſter—as a dependent on him, you
" are obliged to ſubmiſſion; as a
" chriſtian, you ſhould chearfully
" accept of his decrees, ſince he
" ſends them as harbingers of his
" favor. Reſignation is the leni-
" ent balſam which ſhould heal our
" anguiſh; it is the ſweet com-
" forter which gives us an earneſt of
" that bliſs, which will hereafter re-
" ward the practice of it. . . . . We
" cannot command happineſs, we
" ſhould be often at a loſs how to
" chuſe it; but in being reſigned
" we merit it, and no virtue is over-
" looked by the eye of Heaven.—

" My

" My mother, who entombed every
" joy in my father's hearſe, uſed fre-
" quently to tell me, that the atheiſt,
" who affected to deny the exiſtence
" of a God, was not more abſurd
" than thoſe who acknowledged, yet
" refuſed to fulfill, his orders; that
" murmuring againſt his ordinances
" was blaſphemy againſt his juſtice,
" and defying the wrath of omnipo-
" tence. We have all, my Matilda,
" met with trials; and thoſe are to
" be envied who have ſupported them
" beſt." Mrs. Wentworth nodded aſſent to theſe pertinent remarks; and Miſs Neville began to diſcourſe on ſome other matter, in which ſhe contrived to draw out her ſiſter's talents, which were deſigned to figure in the

higheſt ſphere of life, but which grief has deſtroyed in great meaſure.——

This diſconſolate widow (for ſuch I found ſhe was) has been uncommonly pretty and genteel: her features, though altered by her tears, yet retain many traces of their beauty, and her ſmile is not to be withſtood.——As we are to be very good neighbours, few days paſs without our calling upon one another. In one of theſe calls, Miſs Neville gave me the following account of herſelf and Mrs. Wentworth.——

"We are the daughters of the "worthieſt and happieſt couple "who ever entered into Hymen's "bands; but my mother's happineſs "was

" was not of long duration, for my
" father died when ſhe was hardly
" five and twenty; my brother, who
" was the eldeſt child, was about
" ſeven years old, my ſiſter a year
" younger, and I not entered into my
" third year. We were left under
" the guardianſhip of my mother
" and Lord Newport, both of whom
" acquitted themſelves of the truſt in
" the moſt exemplary manner. The
" firſt thing I can remember is
" the tears of my remaining parent;
" and the impreſſion they made on
" me gave a ſerioufneſs to my mind,
" which I have never ſince loſt:
" this perhaps taught me to reaſon
" before other girls knew how to
" think; and this recommended me

" to my mother for a conſtant
" companion: equally fond of us
" all, ſhe nevertheleſs preferred my
" converſation to my brother's and
" Matilda's, whoſe ſprightlineſs did
" not tally with her ſolid gravity.
" James was put to ſchool, and
" from thence to the univerſity, and
" then went to make the tour;
" ſo that he was not much at home
" with us. When he came over,
" he ſoon married; and my mother's
" jointure being a very large one
" for the eſtate, he was glad to ac-
" cept of an American government
" to enlarge his income, and em-
" barked for that country, where he
" ſtill reſides, having a numerous
" offspring to provide for.

" Lord

" Lord Newport, who is a distant
" relation of ours, and whose lady
" was a prudent woman, would often
" press for our going into public
" with her as we grew up; and our
" mother still shunned all gaiety.
" My sister eagerly seconded their re-
" quests, and was carried about to
" every amusement: the lively de-
" scriptions she gave of the sights
" she had seen, the fine speeches
" she had had made to her, and the
" charms of her admirers, did not
" once tempt me to enter into such
" dissipations; my choice led me to
" listen more willingly to my dear
" mother's maxims than to all the
" rhetoric of beaux; and I fancied
" her face more lovely than any sight

" I could behold in the great world.
" Obſerving the contraſt in our
" tempers, it was her chief care,
" from our childhood, to inculcate
" in the ſtrongeſt terms to us to
" love one another, and to make us
" of conſequence to each other:
" ſhe would frequently pardon one
" any fault which the other wept
" for, ſaying the concern of the in-
" nocent ſhould expiate the guilt of
" the offender. This made us al-
" ways ready to excuſe; nay, we
" would rather have been chaſtiſed
" than have ſeen our brother or ſiſter
" in diſgrace: often, when Matilda
" in romping had torn her frock or
" tumbled her cap, have I changed
" with her, and taken the chiding

" which

" which was given for it; and when,
" in learning to write, I have not
" followed my copy, or made blots
" and mis-ſhapen letters, ſhe has ſign-
" ed her name at the bottom of the
" leaf, and ſubmitted to reproof for
" being ſo bad a ſcribe. James was
" as generous, in ſuffering for us
" whilſt he was with us: but the
" ſiſters, who had never been parted,
" were *the friends* who were to
" abide by each other throughout life.
" Never did ſtricter amity ſubſiſt
" between two: this brought Matilda
" back to me with pleaſure, though
" ſhe quitted the moſt agreeable
" entertainments; and it made me
" happy in parting with her, when it
" was to enjoy any of thoſe diver-

" ſions ſhe was ſo fond of. My ex-
" cellent mother, when I have been
" ſitting by her ſide after declining
" ſome joyous party, would ſay to
" me,—" My dear, you are too
" thoughtful for your age; you will
" ſtupify yourſelf by it; and what is
" more to be dreaded, you will hurt
" your health by this ſedentary life:
" but, above all, I fear you will ac-
" quire from your mother an habit
" of diſliking chearfulneſs: but you
" muſt not do it; your ſiſter, whom
" you love ſo paſſionately, will ceaſe
" to pleaſe you if you grow gloomy
" and moroſe; and if you once are
" diſunited, either by intereſt or in-
" clination, you will find nothing
" in the world that is worth cheriſh-
" ing.

" ing. Friendſhip is the only ſenti-
" timent which can be depended
" upon; never love, unleſs this is
" the foundation of it; for believe
" me, that the attachment which
" does not begin from this, will
" never ſatisfy an heart like yours.
" Matilda may be caught by out-
" ward form, and will not ponder
" over every action as you do: ſhe
" may love with violence, and ſhe
" may be made unhappy by it; but
" ſhe will contribute herſelf to it.
" You, Priſcy, may be rendered
" miſerable by the careleſſneſs, by
" the almoſt unavoidable failings of
" men: beware then how you chuſe,
" for your firſt preference makes your
" deſtiny. I am well acquainted

 " with

" with the diſpoſitions of my
" children, and I praiſe Heaven for
" their being ſuch as a parent may
" boaſt of; but they are as oppoſite
" as they are amiable. Preſerve
" always the ſame regard for each
" other; it is the beſt advice I can
" give you; and when I am taken
" from you, I ſhall reſign my breath
" with ſatisfaction, in knowing that
" my Matilda will enliven you, and
" that my Priſcy will check her
" vivacity when it is too great." . . .

" Were I, Madam, to repeat all
" the inſtructions which I received
" from this ineſtimable directreſs,
" I ſhould be months in talking of
" her; it is my darling theme: but
" I will forbear, for my emotions, I
" ſee,

" ſee, affect you; and I cannot ſpeak
" of her to this day without feeling
" all the pangs which the loſs of
" her occaſioned us.——At twenty
" I became motherleſs: at that age
" the underſtanding knows all the
" value of ſuch a friend, and the
" heart has not by repeated blows been
" inured to ſuffering: judge then
" how I mourned for my mother.
" My ſiſter, full as ſenſible of the
" misfortune, joined me very ſin-
" cerely in affliction, and it was
" ſome weeks before ſhe recollected
" there was one joy to be found in
" the world, excepting that of in-
" termingled ſobs and tears.—Lord
" and Lady Newport viſited us
" every day, and ſhowed themſelves

" deeply

" deeply intereſted about us. We
" remained in Sackville-Street,
" where we had always lived, until
" the ſummer came, when our
" guardian, not forgetting the kind-
" neſs he had ever expreſſed for us,
" gave us an invitation to go down
" with him and his lady to the
" New-Foreſt, where they had a
" houſe. We accepted of it, and
" were treated as part of their own
" family: no people could be more
" friendly. We were new faces in
" that country, and it was a ſort of
" faſhion to admire us. We could
" never quarrel about our lovers, for
" day and night were not more
" different than the ſiſters: Lord
" Newport uſually ſtyled us his

" Tragic

" Tragic and his Comic Muſe. Mirth
" and rejoicing certainly appeared in
" Matilda's train; no amuſement
" ſucceeded without her: ſhe drew
" around her every ſoul who wiſhed
" to be gay; the men were idolaters
" of her charms; the women al-
" lowed her to be agreeable. Few
" are ſo fortunate as to be univerſally
" approved of; ſhe was one of the
" few, for ſhe robbed no one of
" their due by aiming at conqueſt,
" or by under-rating their merits:
" her wit was innocent, her beauty
" unaſſuming; ſhe laughed from
" lightneſs of heart, not from ill-
" nature and exultation.

" Boothby Lodge was reſorted
" to by all the good company which

" could

" could be collected from the dif-
" ferent parts of the kingdom; we
" never ſpent a day without making
" a large circle, even when no un-
" expected ſtrollers have come in.
" Amongſt the perſons whom I ſaw
" there, many pleaſed my taſte, but
" none touched my heart for a long
" time. My ſiſter held out againſt
" all the flattery of her followers;
" but ſhe was not proof againſt
" the good-humored jocularity of
" Mr. Wentworth, a young naval
" officer, who, with all the in-
" genuouſneſs found in moſt of his
" profeſſion, had every quality which
" could make him pleaſing in
" Matilda's eyes: he was the very
" counterpart of herſelf, and the
" houſe

" houſe reſounded with their " gibes
" and jokes."—He was nephew
" to Lord Newport, and ſecond ſon
" to a gentleman of large poſſeſſions;
" his elder brother had been mar-
" ried ſeveral years, and had no child,
" ſo that he was conſidered as the
" hope of the family. His paſſion was
" not ſuſpected for ſome time, as the
" deference he paid to my ſiſter was
" looked upon only as the effect of their
" ſimilarity of humor.—Miſs Otway,
" a lady of large fortune, had gone
" down with us to Boothby Lodge,
" and I imagined I ſaw her treated
" as if deſigned for the younger
" Wentworth; but as this was only
" ſurmiſe, I never ventured to diſ-
" cloſe it to any one. She was one

" of

" of thoſe women whoſe characters
" are made up of indefinitive terms,
" *almoſt* pretty, *almoſt* ſenſible, *almoſt*
" agreeable; one could not properly
" ſay what ſhe really was: ſhe never
" gave offence; but the ſame cauſe
" which made her inoffenſive, made
" her incapable of charming.—Fond
" of being in public, yet not eaſy
" when there; convinced of her own
" conſequence from her riches, with-
" out deſpiſing others; ſhe never
" tried to improve herſelf, but came
" out into life juſt as Nature had
" formed her: luckily it had not
" given her any vices, but no one
" could love her. The admirer of
" Matilda was not likely to be one
" of hers. I remember, upon my

" ſaying

" ſaying one day, that Miſs Otway
" was a very good kind of young
" woman, he congratulated me on
" my penetration, for he had never
" been able to find out half ſo much
" in her.——We came up to Lon-
" don after Chriſtmas: Mr. Went-
" worth had made great progreſs in
" my ſiſter's heart: ſhe loved well
" enough to grow thoughtful. We
" have often ſmiled at our chan-
" ging characters, for my calm ſeem-
" ed vivacity when compared to her
" dejection. When they had bound
" themſelves to each other by the
" moſt ſolemn promiſes, Mr. Went-
" worth came one day in violent
" agitation, and intreated her, by all
" their tenderneſs, to conſent to

" marry

" marry him without his friends be-
" ing conſulted, as he had hinted
" his attachment to his uncle, who
" had in return expreſſed *an objection*
" to it, which he knew his father
" would never get over.—He uſed
" all the power of a lover to prevail
" upon her, and had gained his ſuit
" before I knew of it; when my ſiſter
" told me ſhe had engaged to meet
" him the next morning at St. James's
" Church. I cannot determine
" whether ſurpriſe or vexation moſt
" poſſeſſed me. I repreſented to
" her all the miſchiefs ſhe would
" draw on herſelf and him by pre-
" cipitating themſelves into a ſtate
" which demanded the utmoſt cir-
" cumſpection to guard againſt the
" troubles

" troubles of it, even when the moſt
" auſpicious circumſtances concurred
" to make it eaſieſt: I reminded
" her of the reſpect due to his
" friends, and of her own obligations
" to Lord Newport. He had fur-
" niſhed her with what ſhe thought
" ſtrong pleas againſt theſe, by tell-
" ing her, that his father would be
" leſs incenſed at their marrying
" without aſking his leave, than if
" they did it after he had refuſed it;
" that his uncle had no objection
" to *her*, and that no other woman
" ſhould ever be his wife. She did
" not require half ſo much to make
" her conſent. He had meant to
" have informed his family of his
" intentions, months before; but he

" found

" found new obſtacles raiſed by it,
" and could not do ſo. My ſiſter
" indeed, afraid of having it broke
" to his father, had begged of him
" to wait ſome time longer: his
" ſudden haſte now had conquered
" all her difficulties at once; and a
" licence being had, ſhe was punc-
" tual to her appointment the next
" morning. They were married—
" we went to Richmond, where
" we ſtaid until the letters, which
" Mr. Wentworth had written to
" make known his marriage, had
" been anſwered.—They were an-
" ſwered, but in ſuch a manner, as
" cut off all hopes of a reconciliation.
" Mrs. Wentworth and I were walk-
" ing in the garden, when he brought

" us

" us a letter, which he had just got:
" it was from his father, and to this
" purport.

" You have joined perfidy to dif-
" respect; you have betrayed your
" own honor and your family's ex-
" pectations; ruined the wife you
" have chosen, and can never be for-
" given by

" Your offended father,

" *Marmaduke Wentworth.*"

" We were petrified on reading
" this: the wrath of a parent seemed
" to me to call down the vengeance
" of Heaven on us, and I already felt
" all the miseries which must attend
" us from it: my sister's counte-
" nance showed the same apprehen-
" sions; but they vanished, when he

" embracing

" embracing her, cried,—" You are
" mine, Matilda, and the powers of
" hell cannot rob me of bliſs; nor
" can my father's reproaches make
" me repent the ſtep I have taken:
" the uniform I wear will give us
" bread, and love will indemnify us
" for the want of the ſuperfluities of
" life: will you not, my angel, ſhare
" my little pittance without re-
" pining?"

" Yes," replied ſhe, ſmiling upon him, " and with my Henry bid defiance
" to poverty. You have not ruined
" your wife, for ſhe is richer in be-
" ing yours than empires would
" have made her. But how have
" you betrayed *your honor* in mar-
" rying

" rying me? is there another female
" who ſhould call you hers? By
" all that's handſome, not another
" who has ever heard me ſay I loved;
" but there was one for whom they
" would have had me ſigh. My
" uncle, in his great concern for
" my welfare, took Miſs Otway laſt
" ſummer down to Boothby Lodge,
" and ſent for me to meet her there;
" thinking that eighty thouſand
" pounds was not to be reſiſted. I
" was not to know the ſnare that
" was to be laid for me, leſt I ſhould
" except againſt going. I went, I
" ſaw Miſs Neville, and no other
" could charm me. When I had
" been there ſome weeks, Lord
" Newport aſked my opinion of the

" great

" great heireſs: I told him I had ne-
" ver formed any about her. He then
" diſcloſed to me the wiſhes of my
" friends: I made no reply to this;
" but never let it tranſpire, for fear
" that your generoſity ſhould make
" you offer to give me up. The
" morning I came to Sackville-ſtreet
" in ſuch diſtraction, I had learnt
" from my Lord, that my father
" was coming up to town to be pre-
" ſent at my nuptials; that he and
" every one of them expected I
" ſhould immediately make propo-
" ſals to Miſs Otway; that, unleſs I
" did it, I ſhould be entirely diſcard-
" ed by them. I told him I had
" engaged myſelf to you; but he
" ſwore nothing but the marriage
" ceremony

" ceremony would hold good as an
" engagement with them; and, to
" prevent all further connection with
" you, he would inſtantly go and
" ſtate the caſe to you, relying on
" the greatneſs of your ſoul for free-
" ing me from this imprudent at-
" tachment. I proteſt to you, my
" love, that the anger I was menaced
" with did not move me; but this
" laſt threat harrowed up my ſoul:
" to be deprived of you was more
" than I could bear. This made me
" play the hypocrite for the firſt
" time: pretending to be cooler by
" degrees, I promiſed at length
" that I would go from him, and
" ſpeak to Miſs Otway, who had
" been kind enough to encourage

" the hopes of *my relations* by her
" favorable opinion of me. In-
" ſtead of going near her, I flew to
" you, and obtained your promiſe to
" meet me at church the next
" morning: I then went to Marl-
" borough-ſtreet, and waited at one
" end of it until I ſaw Miſs Otway
" go abroad; then called and left my
" name at her door, that ſhe might
" conjecture from thence, that, had
" ſhe been at home, I ſhould have
" declared myſelf to her; as it was
" probable ſhe would meet Lord or
" Lady Newport ſome time in the
" day, who would tell her of my in-
" tended viſit to her. I am not
" uſed to employ ſtratagem to com-
" paſs my deſigns: I felt myſelf ſo

" em-

" embarraſſed by this, that I delibe-
" rated whether I ſhould not go to
" my uncle, and reveal to him at
" leaſt all the deceit I had practiſed:
" he had ſpoken in the higheſt ſtrain
" of you; but when I reflected on
" the ſtern manner in which he had
" talked of *my imprudent attachment*,
" my reſolution wavered; I kept out
" of his ſight for the reſt of the day.
" You are my bride, and I ſhould
" have forgotten there was any thing
" elſe to be minded, had not theſe
" reproachful lines, and your en-
" quiry, made me recollect what I
" have been telling you. And will
" you, Matilda, not pardon a decep-
" tion, which was to ſecure my beſt
" prize! If you think I have *be-*

" *trayed my honor*, I will be branded
" for a villain, not elſe. . . . .
" He appealed to a tribunal,
" which he was aſſured could not
" condemn him.—We went back
" to Sackville-ſtreet, but no ſubmiſ-
" ſion could mollify the Wentworth
" family: this did not, however,
" diſturb the happineſs of the new-
" married couple; they were all in
" all to each other. In diſobliging
" Lord Newport, we had loſt our
" ſteadieſt conductor. My ſiſter and
" her huſband were but bad œcono-
" miſts; they never thought of re-
" trenching, but made the ſame fi-
" gure they had always done: like
" a true ſailor, he ſquandered gold
" like droſs, and thought nothing too
" expenſive

" expenſive which was to adorn or
" pleaſe his wife. His pay, and the
" intereſt of her fortune, which was
" no more than five thouſand pounds,
" not being ſufficient to defray the
" charges of their living, they broke
" in upon the principal. In a little
" time their finances were diſor-
" dered, and this at long-run made
" him more conſiderate. When
" they had been married above two
" years, he was appointed to a ſhip,
" which was to be ſent to carry
" ſtores to the coaſt of Africa. This
" was the only cloud which had
" overcaſt their days ſince they had
" come together. Matilda preſaged
" the deſtruction of all her happineſs
" from the burning ſands of Afric,

" and hung about him as if ſhe
" would not be divided from him:
" ſhe beſought him to take her with
" him; ſhe had no fears of any kind,
" but thoſe of parting. His eyes
" would fill whilſt gazing on her,
" and force him to turn away to hide
" his ſtruggles: he ſpoke of his voy-
" age as a ſhort paſſage, which would
" not detain him many months from
" her; charged her to preſerve her-
" ſelf for his ſake, and for the ſake
" of the unborn infant, who, he did
" not doubt, would be the peace-
" maker of the family; and that
" would enable him to remain al-
" ways with her, after this trip. . . .
" Their ſeparation was ſuch as I
" had dreaded. My poor ſiſter, de-

" ſtitute

" ſtitute of comfort or joy without
" her Henry, for days was inſenſible
" to all my ſolicitude about her; but
" remembering his laſt charge to
" her, ſhe began once more to
" hearken to the voice of friendſhip,
" and to wiſh to live. We removed
" from the houſe in Sackville-ſtreet
" to a ſmaller one in Park-ſtreet,
" where we lived with great pri-
" vacy, ſeldom ſtirring out, or ad-
" mitting any but ſelect friends.—
" She heard of his ſafe arrival at Go-
" ree, and we were told from the
" Admiralty, that the ſhip would
" ſoon be in England again. We
" had buoyed up ourſelves with the
" higheſt hopes of ſeeing him in a
" ſhort time: we read one morning

" in the papers, that a veſſel had
" come from that place, and waited
" to hear the poſt-man's rap with all
" the eagerneſs of expectation, not
" ſuſpecting but that he had letters
" for us as replete with good news
" as we could wiſh. He came; I
" hurried to take the packet from
" the ſervant; the ſtamp informed
" me from whence it came, but the
" black wax made it drop out of my
" hand. Matilda, unable to bear
" my delay, came herſelf for it, and,
" more heedleſs than me, without
" looking at the ſeal or writing,
" opened it. She ſhrieked out, and
" threw it from her, as if it had
" contained ſome venomous reptile.
" My tremor ſubſided, or rather was
" drowned,

" drowned, in my cares for this dear
" afflicted. I picked up the letter,
" and ſaw it came to let her know
" that Mr. Wentworth, a few days
" after he got to Goree, had been
" ſeized with a violent diſorder fre-
" quent in that climate, and had
" died the third day of it. I would
" not, if I could, paint to you, Mrs.
" Walpole, the ſituation of this fond
" wife, thus reduced: the recollec-
" tion even now freezes my blood,
" and I ſhun it when it would ob-
" trude itſelf upon me.——

" Lord Newport very humanely
" came to call upon us, as ſoon as he
" ſuppoſed the firſt tranſports had
" been over; but the ſound of his
" name, as if it had revived every

" misfortune, threw my ſiſter into
" ſuch agonies, that ſhe was as bad
" again as ever. He then wrote,
" and expreſſed great tenderneſs for
" her, telling her that Mr. Went-
" worth's father waited only for her
" being brought to-bed, to make a
" competent proviſion for her and
" the child. She was deaf to all
" their offers, declaring ſhe would ne-
" ver be obliged to the deſtroyers of
" her Henry; it would be an injury
" to his *manes* to court the favor of
" thoſe who had refuſed to help him
" when alive. I expoſtulated with
" her on the cruelty of depriving her
" child of its inheritance, and told
" her, to avert the horrible conſe-
" quences of a father's malediction,

" which

" which had already reached her
" deareſt half, ſhe ſhould do all ſhe
" could to waſh away the ſtain of
" diſobedience from his memory.
" She became more reaſonable, but
" ſhe could never ſee any of the fa-
" mily: this made ſome of it ſuſpect
" her of harbouring reſentment for
" the obduracy they had ſhown; and
" upon her being ſhortly after deli-
" vered of a ſon, who lived but a few
" days, they dropped all correſpond-
" ence with her.

" It is incredible what an altera-
" tion theſe accidents made in her;
" her ſpirits, her beauty, all left her,
" never to return again. She may
" be ſaid now to drag out the rem-
" nant of her life with unwilling

" ſloth,

" ſloth, for her whole deſire is to re-
" join her Henry. She is ſenſible,
" at preſent, of the guilt of marry-
" ing without conſulting his parents;
" ſhe deplores it as the executioner
" of her huſband, and the ſcourge of
" herſelf: it is the only crime ſhe
" has to lament, but it is ſuch an one
" as rends her heart with contri-
" tion; and ſhe often declares, that
" reſignation would be eaſy to her,
" if it was not for the remorſe ſhe
" feels for having been the means of
" his ſin."——

Miſs Neville concluded here this narration, as it was time that we ſhould part; but ſhe is to give me the reſt of their ſtory when we meet again. Though ſhe has been ſo ſilent

about

about herſelf, I am ſure ſhe muſt be the perſon Col. Sutton wrote to.—Priſcilla is not a very common name, and her living in Park-ſtreet puts it out of doubt: but, my dear Lady Noel, what could detach him from ſuch a woman? is inconſtancy ſo inherent to the heart of man, that, rather than not change, they will quit the moſt amiable for the vileſt?—It cannot be, for ſuch a ſuſpicion would exclude the whole ſex from mercy. But I ſhould be inſtructed, by Miſs Neville's going away, that it is full time to bid you adieu.

Yours always,

EMMA WALPOLE.

Mrs.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXIX.

Roſe-Court.

WHENCE comes it that my Fanny writes not to me? Does abſence diſunite friends, whom ſo many years have ſeen together? Impoſſible; for you are not one of the *fickle kind*; you will not vary becauſe you have loved me *long enough*. Be that depravity the vice of man alone! It is ſix weeks ſince I have had any accounts from Noel-Caſtle. I have ſo few pleaſures, that I cannot afford to loſe one; without your correſpondence, I am a bankrupt in joy: be

be more exact then, my dear, in anſwering my letters, and relieve me from the inquietude which your ſilence creates in me.——

Every unaccuſtomed appearance alarms me; a note folded in a new ſhape, a ſtrange hand-writing, the mention of an unknown name, every trifle, in fine, calls up my fears; and I live, if the expreſſion may be allowed, in a continual anticipation of complicated miſery. My nerves are ſhattered, and my mind is depreſſed, by the misfortunes I have known; yet, my friend, I have learnt ſome fortitude from the pious ſiſters, and do not groan under the weight, as I was wont to do: but there is no contending with ſickneſs .... it is that

which

which makes me ſhrink with cauſeleſs terrors.

Not long ago a letter was brought me from Colonel Sutton, filled with the moſt liberal ſentiments, and tendering me all the aſſiſtance which his fortune or friendſhip could procure me. There was nothing ſo out of the common track in his benevolence; the boſom friend of my huſband, the free-heartedneſs of the ſoldier, might have prevented my being ſurpriſed at ſuch a letter: yet involuntary tears ſtole down my cheeks, and I ſhivered as if the cold hand of Want had already preſſed upon me.--Why this offer *now?* ſaid I to myſelf: am I more likely to need *charity* at this time, than I was ſome months ago?

ago? yet he did not write then!—"The already plunder'd need no rob-"ber fear;" and Fortune has not one arrow left in her quiver to wound me, was I not ingenious in contriving my own diſturbance.—Whilſt I was thus apoſtrophiſing on Col. Sutton's writing, Miſs Neville came in, and found me ſtill weeping: ſhe would have retired, but that I deſired her not to leave me: "Mine are not the tears "of grief, my dear Madam," ſaid I to her, "but the ſuffuſions of an "heart overcharged with gratitude "and wonder. My benefactor is "not unacquainted with you; he "told me, long before I ſaw you, of "your extraordinary qualities." A modeſt fluſh roſe on my ſpeech; ſhe

could

could not gueſs who had been her trumpeter: "One who loves as well "as knows you," anſwered I, "but "whom, I am afraid, you no longer "eſteem." "There was but one "man, Mrs. Walpole, who ever "was permitted to profeſs himſelf "my lover; and he left me for a "more deſerving miſtreſs." This I aſſured her could not be, and repeated all he had ſaid to me about his *attachments*.——"Little ſouls," replied ſhe, "may rejoice in hearing "a rival has revenged their cauſe: "I feel no more in knowing that "Colonel Sutton has been jilted than "I did before.—To wiſh his re-"turn to me would be a meanneſs "which I would never forgive in "myſelf.

" myſelf. At the time he aban-
" doned me, I did not imagine him
" liable to the frailties of mortality--
" He was the anchor of my hopes
" —he failed once, and never more
" can be relied on. . . . . But I am
" glad he can be ſerviceable to you
" —he always was ready to ſerve
" his friends."———

I would have interceded in behalf of this worthy man, but ſhe declared to me that ſuch an attempt would drive her from me, without ſhaking her reſolution. " I promiſed
" you," proceeded ſhe, " to tell you
" how we came to give up the
" world: I have ſeen you often
" ſince, without having had courage
" to begin a topic which has coſt

" me

" me ſo much anxiety; but now
" that you have given me an open-
" ing, by talking of Colonel Sutton,
" I will fulfill my word.
" It was at Boothby Lodge that
" our acquaintance was made: my
" ſiſter's vivacity left me but a ſmall
" chance of being much noticed by
" any one who was likely to engage
" a young woman's heart: the grave
" and the plodding attached them-
" ſelves to me; and all thoſe who
" were driven to deſpair by her,
" came to complain to me: I ſooth-
" ed the laſt, and I patiently liſten-
" ed to the others; but I wiſhed to
" be freed from them all:—Colonel
" Sutton came to ſpend a few days
" there: he had all the graces that

" woman

" woman could admire: he had
" particular regards for me; I was
" ſenſible of it, but I did not ſur-
" render my heart, until he had
" proved himſelf far above the troop
" of thoſe who had buzzed about
" me. He did not flatter me with
" vain praiſes; he hardly paid any
" attention to the beauties of my
" perſon; but he would place him-
" ſelf the live-long day by me,
" and enter into every ſentiment I
" felt. We were upon that ſort of
" footing which baniſhes all appre-
" henſion of treachery: he conſult-
" ed me upon every action of conſe-
" quence which he was going to
" perform; he repoſed his whole
" ſoul on my care; my counſel

" directed

" directed him: and in return I con-
" fided to him all my doubts and
" fears; made him acquainted with
" all the ſecrets of the family, and
" found him ſo grateful for my con-
" fidence, that I thought it out of
" poſſibility he ſhould ever be leſs
" ſo. Thus aſſured, I gave way to
" all the partiality I felt for him,
" and my enthuſiaſm almoſt deified
" the man who thought and ſpoke
" as he did. I had lived in this
" deluſion for near three years, when
" my ſiſter's affliction called for all
" my attention. I ſent for this
" friend when we heard of Mr.
" Wentworth's death, and his tears
" ſtreamed with mine: he came or
" ſent to aſk about us daily. But

" in

" in the midſt of diſtreſs, one does
" not always act conſiſtently: I could
" find no pleaſure whilſt Matilda
" was in ſuch danger; and my lover
" was neglected for my ſiſter. Some
" days before ſhe lay-in, he let me
" know he was going into the
" country, and begged I would write
" ſometimes to him: he went, and
" I had two or three letters from
" Waterlands; but my attendance
" on the ſick room never gave me
" a moment's leiſure, and they re-
" mained unanſwered for three
" weeks. I now and then looked
" at, and was ſhocked at the
" difference I ſaw in, myſelf. Sit-
" ting up and conſtant fatigue had
" worn me to a ſhadow—ſorrow
" had

" had furrowed my face—no lillies
" and roſes were now to be ſeen
" there; but haggardneſs and pale-
" neſs were their ſucceſſors.——I
" ſhould have been mortified at the
" change, had I not been perſuaded
" that it was my mind he had been
" attached to; and this I knew could
" not be hurt by my ſympathiſing
" with Matilda.—She had not left
" her chamber when I received
" another epiſtle from Mr. Sutton:
" it was the laſt, and you have read
" it, therefore I will not dwell upon
" it.—But, oh! Mrs. Walpole, how
" cruelly was I undeceived in this
" paragon of perfection, as I had
" always called him! Let thoſe
" who have been in ſuch a ſituation,

" think

" think for a moment how the heart
" ſuffered from ſuch intelligence.
" Can there be a ſeverer ſtroke than
" that of being torn from all we
" love? If there can, it is in be-
" ing obliged to deſpiſe the object
" you have moſt eſteemed.—Both
" were combined in this renuncia-
" tion of mine!——And I was to
" ſmother all my grief, leſt Mrs.
" Wentworth ſhould be affected by
" it: ſhe could not well have borne
" more than her own. This made
" it prey on me unmercifully—it
" even contracted my ſoul, and made
" me for a while think there did
" not exiſt ſuch a thing as *honor*;
" that its laws were mutable, and
" might be varied at will: this

" made me ſuſpect men to be capa-
" ble of the moſt atrocious crimes,
" and in deſtroing my dependence
" on them it made me deſirous of
" ſhunning their ſociety. My phil-
" anthropy drooped with my con-
" fidence. I took averſions to all
" who ſpoke of Colonel Sutton to
" me. An old friend of my mo-
" ther's, who came to ſee me one
" morning, hinted to me ſomething
" of the report of his going to be
" married in Lincolnſhire; from
" that hour I avoided her, as bale-
" ful to my nature.---- What has
" he not to anſwer for, who made
" me guilty of ſuch injuſtice?

"When Matilda began to recover,
" Let us go, my ſiſter," ſaid I, " to
" ſome

"ſome place where no ſight can
"recall the paſt.---If it can be done,
"let us incloſe ourſelves in ſome
"retirement where man cannot
"come."

"Let me do that; but for my
"Priſcy better things are in ſtore.—
"Love will be propitious to your
"virtuous deſires; and Colonel Sut-
"ton will not diſappoint your well-
"founded hopes of happineſs".....
"I could no longer withhold from
"her the ſecret I had hitherto kept.
"----My loved ſiſter behaved as I
"had expected: ſhe even ceaſed to
"weep, that ſhe might rail at the
"perfidious creature who had for-
"ſaken me. I had never ventured
"to ſay to myſelf that he had acted

" ill: I could not suffer her to do
" it, but she would not be argued
" out of it. As soon as she could
" bear the motion of a carriage, we
" quitted London, and after some
" pains found out this snug house,
" where if we could *forget*, we
" should be happy. I did not ac-
" quaint one of our visitors of our
" intention, because I meant to have
" our retreat as private as could be.
" It has been so; you are the only
" person who has been under our
" roof since we came to Rye-
" Farm. . . . . The sound of
" Walpole was well known to me,
" from Colonel Sutton's intimacy
" with the family: this drew me to
" wish we could meet with you ac-

 " cidentally,

" cidentally, when I was told of
" your coming down to this country:
" and the acquiſition of ſuch a
" neighbour is the only obligation I
" ſhall be indebted to him for," . . . .

My reaſon applauded Miſs Neville for this declaration, though I was ſorry too for the Colonel: but is ſhe not right to abjure all commerce with mankind, after having found ſuch baſeneſs in the beſt of them?---I had ſettled this point, when ſhe went on, " I ſaid
" that *my ſoul was contracted* by the
" diſappointment I had met with;
" but let me explain to you, that it
" was not a laſting impreſſion. When
" I had ruminated for a time, I
" found that this diſlike to the world

" was a savageneſs not juſtifiable;
" that it was the effect of a narrow-
" neſs of mind, which would make
" me deſerving of the cruelty I had
" met with. I now view inconſtan-
" cy in the light of a foible, brought
" on by the gratification of thoſe
" paſſions which men think them-
" ſelves at liberty to indulge. The
" palled appetite loaths the food,
" though ever ſo palatable, which
" has been often ſerved: the licen-
" tious heart can no more bear to
" be confined to one object.----Yet
" are not all men falſe, for all do
" do not by criminal indulgences
" vitiate their ſentiments: we have
" a Sover gn who gives greatneſs to
" the regal dignity, by an exact
" obſervance

" obſervance of all the duties of a
" private man------a Camden, not
" more renowned for his abilities,
" than for his probity. . . . .

" But I will be even ſo merciful
" to the whole race, I will ſuppoſe
" that thoſe who *deceive* us do not
" do it from malice prepenſe: a man
" means, moſt likely, at the time
" he ſwears, to keep his oaths to us;
" but he is thrown into the midſt of
" temptations, and he is perjured be-
" fore he has had time to reflect.
" Novelty attracts, arts are employed,
" and he muſt have extraordinary
" virtue who eſcapes. This palli-
" ates the falſehood which would
" not elſe be pardonable. . . . . I can
" forgive my bittereſt foe; but I can

"hardly ever renew the confidence
"which has been abuſed: let this
"then, Mrs. Walpole, hinder you
"from pleading again for Colonel
"Sutton."

I muſt obey an injunction ſo enforced; I will not ſpeak for him again.------I have tried to make out the difference in the characters of theſe two ſiſters; there is a wide one, though each is amiable and agreeable in her way.---By the flaſhes of wit which now and then break out in Mrs. Wentworth, even at this time, I can fancy that ſhe has been the livelieſt of companions, and the very ſort of young woman which her ſiſter deſcribed her to be. Miſs Neville never perhaps ſaid a *bon mot*, but

but ſhe never ſpoke a word of nonſenſe, I dare ſay. ——

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

In Continuation.

My apprehenſions are verified, and the hour is arrived when patience is vanquiſhed.—O, Lady Noel, was it for this that I have been ſo long without hearing from you! But it could not be concealed from me; my remittances have been ſlow in coming for the two laſt quarters: the horrible truth is now out, and Mr. Walpole cannot longer ſupport me. Write to me, Fanny; tell me where this wretched man is: what will be-

come of him now that ruin has ſeized on him?——

Yes, Col. Sutton's letter is now expounded; my ſuſpicions told me truly. He wrote from knowing that I ſhould be reduced to the neceſſity of begging ſoon . . . . But I will not be a burthen to my friends, their kindneſs ſhall not be repaid by robbery; far preferable would it be to me, to earn the bread my child and I are to eat, than to be fed by the charity they offer.——

Tell me all, and I will promiſe you to bear it better than this dreadful uncertainty will let me. Where is Mr. Walpole? It is his diſtreſs that terrifies me: he is violent, and may be

be driven to deſpair; but this is too much to be thought on.

Yours,

EMMA WALPOLE.

Lady NOEL to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXX.

ARM yourſelf, my deareſt Emma, with all *your fortitude*, and do not now ſink under calamities which you have ſo long ſuſtained.—Mr. Walpole is well; he has been unlucky at play; but he may, with care, ſave himſelf from the ſtate you are ſo apprehenſive about: hope ſhould not be parted with until nothing remains.

To

To give you ſome eaſe, by keeping off the ſuſpicions which haunt the unhappy, half inſtructed in their misfortunes, and ready to ſuppoſe the worſt from innuendoes only, I will give you the whole account which I have had of his loſſes.——

He has attended Newmarket and York races, has been conſtantly engaged in ſome game of hazard, and in a few months has, by theſe means, diſſipated more than the revenue of many a petty prince. I have heard frequently of his loſing thouſands of a night; but you had ſufficient knowledge of this from your removing from Spring-Park, and it was neither neceſſary nor pleaſurable to dwell on the ſubject; ſo that I have hardly ever

mentioned

mentioned it to you. Lately it has been whiſpered, that he could loſe no more, having already laviſhed all that he could raiſe. I thought your allowance had been ſmall enough to have been overlooked in the general havock; and as I could not write any pleaſing thing to you, I have been ſilent of late, but I have not been unmindful of you: I made Sir Charles write to Edward, to deſire he would call upon Mr. Walpole; I waited for his anſwer, which came laſt night, and which I will give you verbatim.

"I went to Portman-Square:
"on knocking at Walpole's door, a
"man came into the area, and
"looking up at me with a curious
"eye,

" eye, as if he would be *ſure* of me
" before he opened the door, I re-
" peated my rap: his own man
" opened it half-way, and put his
" head out to examine whether any
" *worſe-looking* fellow than myſelf
" was near.—I aſked for his maſter.
" Sir, if you will walk into the hall,
" I'll let him know you are here."—
" So ſaying, he diſappeared for a
" ſhort time, and returned to uſher
" me into his room.—He got up at
" my entrance; but his greetings
" were of the coldeſt; ſeeming
" rather to look upon my viſit as
" an intruſion than as a friendly
" call. He had a table near him,
" on which lay a heap of tradeſmen's
" accompts: by them ſtood a bottle

" of

" of Champagne and a large glaſs.
" —Our converſation was broken,
" and long pauſes intervened be-
" tween each queſtion and anſwer.
" I was decamping after a decent
" ſtay, when Sutton came in and
" ſtopped me a little. . . . . .
" He went towards the table:
" What have we here?" cried he,
" Wine in a morning! this is a new
" ſight.——Noel, do you uſually
" take it?"——I ſaid, No.—" I had
" it for my own drinking," replied
" Walpole with petulance, "when a
" man has nothing elſe to do, he
" may try to find out a *new* amuſe-
" ment, I hope."——
" And would you try to drown
" *real pain* in *Champagne*, my dear
" Walpole?

" Walpole? ſaid his friend: is that
" the utmoſt ſtretch of your in-
" vention?——Be adviſed by me,
" and do not vainly attempt to for-
" get your diſcontents by calling up
" falſe ſpirits: they will leave you
" more depreſſed, after a few hours,
" than they found you.—Come, let
" me ring for Turner to take away
" this unſeemly appearance."

" As Walpole made no anſwer,
" Sutton did as he propoſed. When
" the ſervant had retired with the
" bottle and glaſs—" How did you
" reſt laſt night?" aſked he: " As
" well as a perſon could do," ſaid
" the other, " who never went to
" bed: thoſe who can enjoy peace-
" ful ſlumbers may take the pains

" of

" of courting them: I cannot pur-
" ſue the bleſſing that flies me—I
" fled that which was *deſigned* me,
" but it cannot now be helped. I
" ſhall abide by all the conſequences
" of my own obſtinacy, and wel-
" come deſtruction, let it come in
" any ſhape.—I know, Sutton, you
" are going again to talk to me of
" *reaſon* and *philoſophy*——empty
" names, which cannot ſerve my
" turn. Save yourſelf the trouble
" of argueing—I am not afraid of
" *confinement*; my own houſe has
" been ſo long my priſon, that I can
" have no objection to any other,
" was it but for change.——One
" purpoſe I will never break, which
" is that of not hurting my friends

" by

" by my extravagance.—My poor
" Emma, and her daughter, may be
" indebted to their humanity; but
" for myſelf——

" He faultered ſo much in ſpeak-
" ing this, that I could not ſtand it
" longer; but quitted *the friends*,
" extremely affected at the diſtreſs
" of this thoughtleſs man, who has
" hampered himſelf by his reliance
" on the *integrity* of ſharpers, and
" his ignorance of their leger-de-
" main tricks. He had no chance
" with the ſet he engaged in."

This, my deareſt Mrs. Walpole, is all that Edward ſays of your huſband; and this, I ſhould think, muſt be leſs terrible than your apprehenſions have been. Lowneſs and exaggeration

aggeration are inſeparable; the one forms the firſt bodings, and the other ſwells them to an *hydra-woe*, as a conceited author calls it.——

You ſhall refuſe all Col. Sutton's friendſhip; I conſent to your not accepting of the ſmalleſt help from him: but, Emma, you will forfeit all my eſteem, if I am not to be the banker you make uſe of. Where have you been taught to call that *robbery*, which is the lawful property of any friend? are not our hearts cemented by the ſtrongeſt bonds, and ſhall our fortunes be divided? It is ſhameful to talk of being under *obligations*: you thought my friendſhip repaid by yours, and was ſatisfied with the return you made to it; and can

you

you imagine *money* can be an addition to what I have already given you? It is the littleneſs of pride only that can make pelf, the vile duſt of Guinea, appear of any eſtimation: it has no value but from the uſe we make of it; and, if *my friend* is not ſerved by it, it muſt be becauſe ſhe diſdains the giver. The gift, I knew, could not be worthy of her acceptance: ſee then, my Emma, how I ſhall reſent the refuſal; and let me be an exception to the reſolution you have made! Sir Charles himſelf ſhall not hear of what I ſend. Make as free with my purſe as I ſhould do with yours in the ſame circumſtances, for I am moſt ſincerely

Yours,

F. Noel.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXXI.

Roſe-Court.

I AM all conformity, my dear Fanny, to the decrees of fate. Things are not ſo bad as I ſuppoſed them: a moiety of my income is more than I want; that I have by me, and therefore have returned your bank-bill. Pride and poverty are ſworn allies; the well-born beggar feels no pang ſo ſharp as that of receiving *a dole*. Should I become a dependent upon you, my friendſhip would no longer counterpoiſe yours; your generoſity could not ſave me

from

from the humiliating idea of being *obliged*; I ſhould loſe my friend in my benefactreſs; the ſuperiority of that title would force into *reſerve* and *reſpect* your late equal; I ſhould ſtrive to renounce the recollection of *intimacy*, that the abject ſervility of the *hanger-on* might not be neglected; I ſhould dwindle into ſomething *lower* than the mendicant who plies the ſtreets, when you reached out your hand to ſerve me; I ſhould be *poor* in my own opinion. Let indigence come, I do not fear its approach; but defend me, Heavens, from diſgrace! You tell me, Lady Noel, that in *my circumſtances* you would make free with your friend's purſe. Ah! Fanny, you muſt be ſituated as I am, to

know

know how you would act. I can ſay, for I once was as you are now, how I ſhould have behaved, had I heard of misfortunes which wealth could remove; but never until this have I been able to gueſs how the heart would feel, when offered to be relieved by *a friend*. . . . . .

Pride it may be, but it is not *littleneſs*. Could I bring myſelf to accept, I ſhould not wiſh to conceal your alms; it is not what the world would think, it is only what I ſhould feel, that I conſider. There are beggars enough to hinder its being ſurpriſed at your *giving*, and diſtreſs is too common to let it be wondered at that I ſhould *take*; but it has nothing to do with my ſenſations, and

it

it is thoſe that I am to mind: they are ſuch that will not let me, even from Lady Noel, accept of gifts which I cannot return. But have I not already ſaid, that a ſmall matter will furniſh ſubſiſtence for us? and why ſhould I mention want? that is yet afar off, and a thouſand incidents may avert it from ever coming nearer: *one* I have every reaſon to expect; but it will be time, when my *expectations* are on the eve of being fulfilled, to acquaint you of it.—Fanny, do not be angry with me for refuſing your favors; my ſoul could not endure an additional miſery: could it have done ſo, I would have been your penſioner; but *your pity* itſelf would be too much; the *full*

cup

cup cannot hold another drop; it is humbled already ſufficiently, and *pity* would not raiſe it. Love me always, and for my ſake love my daughter; but do not wiſh to *oblige* me by pecuniary offerings: thoſe muſt always be rejected by

Your affectionate

EMMA WALPOLE.

Miſs NEVILLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXXII.

A Stranger, Madam, addreſſes herſelf to you, in behalf of Mrs. Walpole, who has been for ſome weeks in a very declining ſtate of health, and who is now ſo reduced,

that ſhe muſt be near her diſſolution. . . . . She talks for ever of *her Fanny*, and expreſſes ſuch eager wiſhes to ſee you, that I have got permiſſion from her to write to your Ladyſhip, and to beg, if you have not quite given her up, that you will come to her immediately.——

She has ſupported, without complaint, all her ills; but the fragile body was not a fit ſhrine for her heroic ſoul: it has ſunk under the reſiſtance that made to the attacks of grief.———An hectic, which is oftener brought on by diſeaſes of the *heart* than of the *lungs*, has not left her ſtrength to walk acroſs her room, and every portentous ſign is to be ſeen in her: if then you wiſh to find

find her alive, do not delay your journey.

I am, Madam,

Your very humble ſervant,

P. NEVILLE.

Mrs. WALPOLE to W. WALPOLE, Eſq.

LETTER LXXIII.

THE hour is approaching, which will free you from an unfortunate engagement, and reſtore you to yourſelf, and to the world, which I rendered odious to you——that hour, which I ſhould dread as a final ſeparation from all that's deareſt to me, did I not hope, that it would be happier for thoſe I love.—

In my death I ſee your releaſe from an inſupportable bondage; and my child, in loſing her mother, will find a father, whoſe fondneſs will be more for her good than the weak efforts of maternal affection could have been.—I conjure you, my dear Mr. Walpole, to let your indifference deſcend into the monument with me, and to cheriſh the ſweet puppet I leave behind, as you would do the daughter of a wife more beloved than I have been.—Her tender age, her engaging ways, would enſure your love to her, did not your prejudices againſt me raiſe obſtacles to it.——— But once more, a departing mother begs, and begs of a father too, to be kind to her helpleſs infant.....

Forget

Forget the wife you would not pardon.—I will diſpenſe with your not grieving for me; but I cannot die with ſuch a ſlur upon me as your anger would leave, did I not vindicate the conduct which cauſed it. You will be more patient now than when I would have talked of it before. Whether I ever did *love* another, is not very material; my heart had ſenſibility enough to feel the ſentiments I inſpired: it would have been conſtant to Mr. Sidney, had not my father forbidden it; but I knew my duty too well to devote myſelf to a man who was not approved of by him. I detached myſelf at his command; and at the time I married you, I loved you

as ſincerely as woman could do. Had I been indifferent, you, from your extreme tenderneſs, might have taxed me with ingratitude; a vice not to be found in ſuch a diſpoſition as mine. You did not love an inſenſible; I returned (perhaps with leſs apparent fervor) the paſſion you felt for me: *violence* is not natural to me, but I have all the warmth of heart which a lover could wiſh for. You had no ſuſpicions of the contrary until that letter, which informed you I had been attached to another.—Without ſtaying to hear what I could ſay—without wiſhing to be diſpoſſeſſed of the errors you had imbibed from a falſe delicacy, you left me, Mr. Walpole—gave

me

me up a prey to all the wretchedneſs of a neglected wife. My conſcience acquitted me to myſelf of intentional guilt. I had always held it as a ſacred rule, that, what it was criminal to act, it was criminal to think of: and Mr. Sidney never for a moment uſurped that place in my thoughts, which you alone were entitled to. So far I can call upon the pureſt ſpirits to witneſs for me.—— They alſo will witneſs, that not all your indifference, nay your very contempt, has been able to make me forget the love you once had for me. That *I was* happy once, made me feel more keenly the wretched change. This has haſtened the period of my life; it has made me wiſh

for death, at an age when the hopes of living are ſtrongeſt, and the promiſes of laſting pleaſure moſt commonly are greedily ſwallowed. I could not expect to find any after I had loſt you. Was it but granted me to behold you again—to hear you utter a *requiem* to my parting ſoul, I ſhould not reproach my fate with having laid one hardſhip on me, as my laſt moment would be ſo bleſt.—If there was a name more binding than that of huſband, I would implore you by it to haſten to the expiring

EMMA WALPOLE.

Mr.

Mr. WALPOLE to Colonel SUTTON.

LETTER LXXIV.

Roſe-Court, Tueſday.

THE ſummons I received from my dying ſaint did not allow me time, my deareſt George, to wait for your coming back from Windſor. I left London at one o'clock on Sunday morning, and never ſtopped at any place, longer than the horſes were putting to, until I got here. Sir Charles Noel was waiting at the gate when I alighted, and by his countenance forbid me to hope much from my enquiries about my Emma. "She *yet* lives," was his beſt reply;

" but you muſt not ſee her without
" her being appriſed of your arri-
" val."—" Go then," ſaid I, " my
" dear Noel, and let her be told that
" I am come—that I am come to
" prevail on her to live, or to die with
" her."—" Walpole, you muſt be
" more compoſed before you can be
" admitted: ſhe is too weak to be
" diſturbed by any raſhneſs: it
" would quickly extinguiſh the al-
" moſt-waſted lamp of life. But,"
continued he, " Lady Noel, who
" has been ſome days with her, ſhall
" by degrees let her know that you
" are in the houſe. She has aſked
" ſeveral times, whether we thought
" you would come."

In-

Inhuman wretch as I have been to give her ſuch a doubt! O George, how ſhould ſhe ſuppoſe me, after my barbarous deſertion of her, yet capable of being touched by her diſtreſs! What a reflexion does this raiſe!

I gave Sir Charles my word, that I would wait quietly in any corner until I could ſee her, and that Lady Noel ſhould have the management of our meeting. When he had brought me to this, we entered the houſe. Gods! exclaimed I, forgetting the promiſe I had made, what a dwelling is this for *my wife!*—"Peace!" cried he, "your voice may be heard by "her, for the walls have been thin-"ned by the falling out of bricks; "and the ſolitude of the place makes

"every

" every ſound be noticed."—Sutton, this is the habitation to which my once idoliſed Emma has been confined: ſhe who never entered any but the ſtately dome, who never ſaw walls which were not decorated by the artiſt's niceſt labour, ſhe has been driven to ſeek a covering for her head in the time-beaten ruins of a building where I would not lodge a favorite dog; and driven by *me* to this! That the earth did not open under my feet, and ingulph the monſter who thus violated all its laws!

I was ſauntering over the frightful waſte, when Noel came towards me with my daughter in his arms. " Here's a young ſtranger, Wal-" pole," ſaid he, " who has been

" aſking

"aſking for Pappa." The angel repeated *Pappa* after him, and held out her ſweet mouth to kiſs me. The voice of nature is more ſtrong in this babe than it has been in me! inſtinct has made her fonder of her father than he has been of her. Sink down with confuſion, thou reprobate, nor dare to think that heaven can ever pardon crimes of ſo black a kind!—Yet, George, if repentance—but it comes too late, for I have killed my wife!

When I had taken my child, and wetted its pretty face with my tears, which the poor innocent did not comprehend the meaning of, but patted me with its little hands to make me take more notice of her, I gave her

to

to her maid, and went into a parlour which led into the room where they had told me Mrs. Walpole was. Here I have ſat for ſome hours liſtening to every ſtir, ſtarting up at every ſtep I hear, and placing my ear at the key-hole in hopes of catching the muſic of her voice—But ſhe ſpeaks not—perhaps ſhe cannot ſpeak, or that her ſpent lungs do not afford her ſtrength enough to make herſelf be heard at this diſtance—I muſt be nearer to her, for I cannot, my friend, bear theſe excruciating doubts.

I went to beg of Noel to let me go to her—that could not be; but he went in, and let me ſlip into the room behind a large ſcreen which was put up to keep off the wind of the door,

and

and from whence I could overhear all that paſſed. I had but juſt got there when the beloved of my ſoul, on ſeeing Sir Charles come in—ſhe lying on a couch, and her head laid in Lady Noel's lap—in a low and interrupted tone, ſaid, " Fanny, he " will not come—he will not hear " my laſt ſigh—but I charge you to " tell him that Sidney's death— " that the dread of poverty—that " nothing which regarded myſelf, " could have hurt me—but that his " diſtreſs has killed me. He *will* " *not* come, did I ſay?—Alas! my " friend, he *cannot* come perhaps— " Oh, that I could be carried to " him!—that I could be with him! " and by my tender participation

" ſoften

" ſoften the rigors of impriſonment
" —he would then know how I love
" him!"

Lady Noel made a ſign to Sir Charles to ſpeak, for ſhe could not.

" There is no cauſe, my dear
" Mrs. Walpole," anſwered he,
" for any of your apprehenſions—I
" have had a letter from Walpole—
" he is on the road, but dares not
" appear before you, after the inju-
" ries he has done you, until you
" ſend him your orders."

" Is he then coming? But does
" he know ſo little of me as to ſuſ-
" pect me of being angry! Do,
" Sir Charles, write inſtantly to
" him—Say that it is I who ſhould
" crave his forgiveneſs—that my

quivering

" quivering breath waits for his
" coming to receive its laſt reſpira-
" tion. But write this ſpeedily, leſt
" it be too late. My Fanny," pro-
ceeded ſhe, looking up at her, " you
" have undertaken a taſk too hard
" for you—you cannot ſupport the
" ſight of your Emma's dying—but
" reaſon ſhould teach you, that I ſhall
" be happy after I have thrown off
" this incumbering fleſh which has
" ſo long ſubjected me to miſery—
" and let that reconcile you to our
" parting. The decree is irreverſi-
" ble which has ordered that we
" ſhould do it; and whether now,
" or a few years hence, it does not
" much ſignify."

I became ſo loud in my grief, that Noel, fearing ſhe ſhould be ſenſible of it, haſtened to open the door, and forced me out with him. I would have ruſhed in again, have preſented myſelf before her, and have poured forth my remorſe; but he intreated me, as I valued her ſafety, not to go as yet.

I enquired what medical aſſiſtance ſhe had had: he told me that he had ſent for all that could be had in this and the bordering counties; that they had declared, with one conſent, that the diſorder lay beyond their art; a declaration which does as much honor to their ſkill as to their honeſty: for they might have tampered, and clogged her with preſcriptions for

for a long time, and then, without any riſque of reputation, have given her up, when they had found her incurable.

She has been informed, that I may be expected to-morrow; and ſhe obſerved to her Fanny, that this was the beſt opiate ſhe could have had to-night.

Thou, "tired Nature's ſweet re-"ſtorer, balmy ſleep," viſit her wearied eyelids, and gently ſtrengthen her languid frame! Give her back that ſweet calm which my deteſted villainy has robbed her of, and check the fell power of ſickneſs.

To-morrow, Sutton, I ſhall ſee her. O heaven! if yet I may pray, grant me to ſee her ſuch as my doat-

ing

ing heart would have her! but, if ſhe muſt be taken hence, then graciouſly call me with her!

There is not a ſound to be heard in the houſe—a ſepulchral gloomineſs reigns, and a ſtillneſs that makes me think myſelf already in the vault of my deceaſed anceſtors--But could I carry this load of grief there, it would no longer be a peaceful dwelling—I ſhould diſturb their aſhes with my cries—I ſhould be the troubled ghoſt to haunt them in their deep ſleep! But in heaven there is mercy, and in the grave my toils will ceaſe; or, George, dreary as the idea of annihilation is, I ſhould wiſh for it rather than ſuffer as I do.

Adieu!

Adieu! be happineſs your portion. Your crime, when likened unto mine, ſhows as the venial treſpaſs againſt morality, to the foul ſin of murder. "The bad, when com-"pared to worſe, appear as good."....

Yours,

WILLIAM WALPOLE.

Mr. WALPOLE to Col. SUTTON.

LETTER LXXV.

THESE eyes have beheld her, and have not yet burſt their ſtrings.—Baſe organs, that cannot deſcribe the feelings of my heart, and weep as many drops of blood as I have given pains to the moſt perfect

of

of creatures!—But ſhe is even more than that: ſhe that I have offended is ſome benignant Celeſtial Spirit, who deſigned to leave her native heaven to conduct me to it, and whoſe company I have diſdained—fit inmate as I am for fiends!——They encompaſs me, and will draw me into their hell, if my Emma is taken away.....

After lingering out the long hours which Lady Noel had preſcribed for me to remain without ſeeing her, I was at laſt allowed to ſhow myſelf.—But, Sutton, the ſlight glimpſe I had had the day before, did not appriſe me of the alteration I ſhould find in her. Her friend was chaffing her temples with vinegar, as the

angelic

angelic ſufferer leaned againſt her, and ſeemed fainting with weakneſs.——They informed her that I was come: ſhe raiſed her eyes; but the light was too much for her, and ſhe cloſed them, not having perceived me. I ſtood immoveable, and durſt not approach, leſt the phantom ſhould vaniſh into air at my touch.——"My dear Emma," ſaid Lady Noel, "you wiſhed to "ſee your huſband; he is by you— "Will you not look at him?"—— "I did not underſtand," replied ſhe, "when you ſpoke firſt, that he was "in the room.—Where is he? the "light dazzles my eye-ſight ſo "that I cannot find him out."

"Here

" Here, my love," cried I, throwing myſelf upon my knees by her; " here is that wretched huſband " who has murdered you!"

" You muſt not ſay ſo," anſwered ſhe, laying her icy hand upon me, and feebly preſſing mine with it, " I die a natural death.——The " badneſs of my conſtitution only " has reduced me to this point: and " you cannot be ſtigmatiſed with " my murder." . . . . . .

" O Heavens! if you die, my " Emma, hanging would be too " ſmall a puniſhment for my ſhare " in your death.—It is the crueleſt " of homicides to kill by inches: " it would have been lenity to have " cut your throat at once, and not

" by

" by the ſlow poiſon of ſorrow have
" brought you to the grave.—Then
" racks and tortures be my execu-
" tioners, and all the horrors which
" my mind now feels!" .....

" Come," ſaid Lady Noel, " do
" not talk of dieing now: Mrs. Wal-
" pole will not be ſo much in love
" with death, if ſhe has you with
" her."

This well-timed turn took off from the ſolemnity which was taking place at this interview; and Emma was glad to be diverted from the recollection of her misfortunes, which theſe ſelf-upbraidings would have brought on.

She has had better reſt the three laſt nights than ſhe has, from what

Wilſon ſays, had theſe three or four months. She has been fed from my hands, and tells me ſhe will try to live if ſhe can make me happy by it. I have aſſured her that will be the teſt of her loving me.—"Then," anſwered ſhe, with an heavenly ſmile, "I ſhall certainly recover."

Be it ſo, my dear Sutton, and I aſk no other boon of Deſtiny—My adorable Emma will be the ultimate end of every wiſh.—Like Romeo, I ſhall revive, and be an emperor, when ſhe ſhall breathe new life into me by her kiſſes.

The Noels are to go in a few days. Her Ladyſhip complains that I have uſurped her office, and leave her nothing to do for her Emma, whom

ſhe had nurſed ſo well, though with leſs ſucceſs than I have done, it ſeems.——This charming woman has, blended in her, all the vivacity of Kitty Biſhop, with all the ſoftneſs of my wife.

I am really *nurſe in chief*, for Bel. has taken ſuch a fancy to me, that ſhe will hardly be from me a moment. Pleaſing employment, to tend on the two moſt beloved objects on earth!—But do not envy me, my friend, until my *beſt-beloved* is reſtored to health, and has diſpelled all the anxiety of

Your

WILLIAM WALPOLE.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXXVI.

Roſe-Court.

SHALL I not, the firſt day I am able to write, employ myſelf in thanking that dear friend, to whom I have ſuch obligations; whoſe ſoothing cares kept me from falling under the weight of my afflictions?... I am recovering apace, my Fanny, and my dear Walpole regains his peace in proportion to the progreſs I make towards being well. He, as well as I, praiſes the true friendſhip which brought you and Sir Charles through ſo many difficult paſſages to

our

our obſcure retreat.——" Paradiſe " has opened in the wild," ſince this meſſenger of peace, this dear huſband, has come back to us.—Bel. will not be taught to ſpeak by any one but her pappa, and quits me at any time to waddle to him when he comes into her ſight.

I have ſometimes obſerved him loſt in thought, and penſively meditating, when ſhe has been playing about him. Two days ago he caught her up, and ſighing, called her his poor girl, whilſt his eyes proved the ſenſe he had of the word *poor*.

" Why ſo much compaſſion, my " dear Mr. Walpole," ſaid I, " for " one who does not think herſelf " unfortunate?"

" May ſhe never feel it, my Emma!
" but her father muſt regret the
" prodigality which has brought her
" to beggary.—He muſt grieve for
" his crimes—they have extended
" farther than himſelf—they have
" reached you and yours."

I begged him not to trouble our preſent repoſe with unneceſſary regrets; that we would breed up our children to be as unambitious as ourſelves; that, if they did not covet riches, they could never want them. As to myſelf, I aſked whether the chintz gown I had on did not become me as well as the fineſt ſilk would do; whether it did not fit me as well, nay, even better than a more clumſy garment would do: and this

may

may always be purchaſed with our income. The want of a carriage could not be felt by me, for I was always fond of walking; and I had a variety of pretty walks to ſhow him about this place, as ſoon as I was better able to go about.——He called me his admirable monitreſs, and wondered he had not improved more from hearing me. . . . . .

Miſs Neville, who would not come to me as long as ſhe thought I had ſo much company, ſent to me to-day; and on my deſiring to ſee her in the afternoon, ſhe promiſed to be here. —I prepared Mr. Walpole for it; told him her ſtory, and her opinion concerning Colonel Sutton; and engaged him not to mention his friend

to her. He did not; but he will write to him to come down and appeaſe her himſelf. He is delighted with the ſcheme, and enjoys beforehand the happineſs that awaits this faithful ſharer of his heart.—Adieu, my deareſt Fanny; he will not let me write longer, leſt I ſhould tire myſelf.

Your ever affectionate

EMMA WALPOLE.

Mr. WALPOLE to Col. SUTTON.

LETTER LXXVII.

Roſe-Court.

IF friendſhip cannot bring you here, let love do it. Your *divine* Priſcy is near us: only two fields and

a ſhort lane divide her houſe from ours. Emma and ſhe have been acquainted ever ſince the latter came into Yorkſhire. They have *talked of you:* your *angry dear* has ſtopped the gentle pleadings of *my love*, and has prohibited the mention of your name again. But do not be diſheartened by this. You would not have much to boaſt from her kindneſs, if you were indebted to the interceſſion of your friends for her acceptance of you: they will never be able to ſpeak as you will do for yourſelf; nor could ſhe ſo *properly* pardon a lover who does not himſelf ſue to her. Ladies you know are punctilious, and often conſult *forms* more than *feelings*.—— But need I repeat more to prevail

upon you? If I *need*, you had much better ſtay away, for you are not attached as you ſhould be to Miſs Neville. And by my ſoul, Sutton, I think her worthy of your whole heart: this is no ſmall preſent; yet I cannot grudge it, for my Emma ſpeaks with amazement of her virtues; and ſhe is my oracle.....

She is coming to herſelf again: the love-darting eyes beam with all their mild effulgence; the faded cheeks are regaining their glowing tints; the whole perſon returns to its lovelineſs: ſuch a certain reſtorative is content: and this, George, ſhe enjoys in much greater abundance than ever ſhe has done ſince I called her mine. She has loſt all that fear-

ful

ful diffidence, which that accurſed Mrs. Bromley took for coldneſs, and which ever after I fancied I perceived in her: ſhe ſpeaks to me with that aſſured certainty of pleaſing, which gives new charms to thoſe we love, as it ſeems to declare they judge of our hearts by their own, and, from knowing themſelves to be pleaſed with us, conclude us to be equally ſo with them. The timorous ſpeaker, from doubting of my approbation, has often miſſed it. I cannot avoid thinking ſhe is reproaching me, all the time, with the harſhneſs of my temper, when the down-caſt look and half-pronounced words ſhow her to be dubious of my applauſe.—— You would have cured me of this,

and

and have perſuaded me, that timidity was the characteriſtic of my Emma's meekneſs, and could not be got over: but I find ſhe has conquered it for my ſake, and the victory is flattering.--- Had I liſtened to you, I had not, it is true, required this of her; nor had I, my friend, played the ſpendthrift, and left myſelf the gnawing remembrance of having miſbehaved to ſuch a wife: but, filled with notions of my own wiſdom, I ſcorned to follow counſels which did not coincide with my whims.——The earlieſt rule I laid down to myſelf, was to ſhun imitation: this has often made me ſingular in ſupporting opinions which nobody elſe had advanced: it made me form a ſyſtem for myſelf, which I adhered to with all the obſtinacy of a *ſchiſ-*

matic:

matic: hence came my maxim, "that "women could not, without di- "miniſhing their original tenderneſs, "expreſs the leaſt regard for more "than one man in their lives."—— Thus, *ſtrait-laced*, as I may ſay, I carried my delicacies to an extravagant length: I had never met with any obſtacle to my career in life: I ſpoke with boldneſs, and few took the pains to contradict me. In this uncontrouled ſway I married, and uttered my ſentiments freely before my wife, who heard them with fear, from the knowledge of her having concealed from me, that an amiable man had been dear to her in ſome degree. I was wrapped up in *this wife*, and the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of her not returning my love was enough

enough to make me frantic. I found her ill—ſaw her dieing, and diſcovered that Sidney had been ſlain: what could I think of this? Paſſionate, and hurried along by the conflict in my mind, I ſtaid not to hear her explain herſelf upon the ſubject, but plunged into every folly that could contribute to diſtract my thoughts. I never reflected, that Mrs. Walpole could have been terrified by my violence into diſſimulation, but held her concealment to be an inconteſtible proof of her criminality. I might probably have perſiſted in this miſtake until her death had ſatisfied my vengeance: but thoſe ruinous pleaſures, which I had purſued with ſuch avidity, forced me

me at laſt to think: in the dull hours of confinement I took a retroſpective view of my conduct: I conſidered your advice, and I could have flown to my Emma's feet for pardon: but ſhame firſt with-held me, and then the reflexion of going back a beggar to her. This fixed my deſpair to its fartheſt bounds, as I imagined: the ſhafts of it rankled in my boſom, and I wanted to try whether wine would not be kinder to me in its effects than the other means I had uſed to gain eaſe. I ſhould have become an arrant ſot, had you not by your vigilance prevented me.——Diſtreſs had made me ſee myſelf in the right light; and from this knowledge I grew more rational. I abhorred the *ſyſtem* which

I had adopted: I hated myſelf for my arrogance in preſuming to introduce ſuch rigid maxims, to the diſturbance of ſociety; and I found all the huſband and the father awakened in my ſoul. When I was ſorrowing in the thought of the unſurmountable bar that parted me from the wife and child, whom I had but juſt been taught how to love as I ſhould do, Mrs. Walpole's letter arrived. Figure to yourſelf, how agoniſing the repreſentation of her death muſt have been to me, who, beſides my attachment, which intereſted me ſo much in her life, was ſubject to all the rage of Tiſiphone's fury, as the murderer of her..... All my other misfortunes were expunged by this,

and

and nothing elſe was remembered by me. I ordered Turner to have four horſes put to the chaiſe, and to get ready for ſetting out immediately for Yorkſhire.—He ſtared at me—I repeated the orders.—He then reminded me, that my houſe was beſet by bailiffs, who would never ſuffer me to eſcape their clutches if I paſſed the threſhold of my own door. I was like a perſon haſtily rouſed out of a dream, and could not for ſome minutes believe my ſenſes. My valet acquainted me, that on Sunday I ſhould be freed from theſe ſpies, and could then go off.—Sunday! What, cried I, muſt I wait ſo long for the abſence of theſe hell-hounds?—Pray, what day

of

of the week is this? for I would rather fight my way through them than ſtay eight and forty hours more. "Sir," replied he, quaking at my impetuoſity, "this is Friday night, "and I will beſpeak poſt-horſes for "one o'clock on Sunday morning, "when you may go off very pri-"vately."——There was too much plauſibility in this, to have it diſregarded. But, my friend, the intermediate ſpace between the getting of the letter and my journey, was paſſed in a ſtate that may be better gueſſed than deſcribed.—Impatient, and reſtleſs at all times to execute every project I form; only ſuppoſe what I muſt have been then!——When I had once left Portman-Square, the

ſwiftneſs

ſwiftneſs with which I travelled, gave ſome reſpite to my troubles. I have already told you how they increaſed on coming to this place, and will not repeat the heart-rending tale..... Once more am I happy.

Always thine,

WILLIAM WALPOLE.

Col. SUTTON to Miſs NEVILLE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Roſe-Court.

HAD I ever heard that the unhappy had aſked in vain of Miſs Neville for compaſſion, I ſhould not have ventured to have applied to her

her now: but as I come under that denomination, I hope I may, without too great preſumption, expect to gain admittance. If I have offended heinouſly, I have alſo repented greatly: not, I own, ſufficiently to atone for my failing; but, in leaving ſcope for your clemency to exert itſelf, I confer new pleaſure on you, and heighten my own gratitude by enhancing the favor. Could I merit your forgiveneſs, I might demand it; but, as it is, I ſhall receive it from you as a free gift; for which my heart will be more beholden to you, than for any tribute which could be paid it.

I have long ſought you, my injured Priſcy; and the not finding

you

you has been the canker-worm to my peace: it could not ſurvive your loſs. The ſiren that deluded me from you, had not the power of preſerving it from the ſtorm, no more than the inclination to attempt it. She retaliated upon me the wrongs I had done you: but, had ſhe been as conſtant as ſhe was alluring, ſhe could not have ſatisfied the man who had been *your* lover: in my moſt impaſſioned hours, I felt the difference between the two, and the flimſy heart of the coquette could not conceive or nouriſh the flame which her charms had inſpired. I looked at Miſs Courtney, and ſighed for Miſs Neville.—But I would ſpeak, not write my defence. I would obtain

your

your leave to come to Rye-Farm: the reſpect I pay to you will not let me do it without, becauſe I have heard from our friends, that you have declared you would not ſee me... Repeal, Madam, that inhuman ſentence, and do not by inflexibility ſully your fame, which has been hitherto ſpotleſs. Do not bring down to a level with tyranny the virtue which, when moderately exerciſed, makes the moſt reſpectable *trait* in a character. But that firmneſs, which may be your glory in many actions, would now be a diminution of your goodneſs. Godlike ſouls cannot deſire revenge: leave that to the vulgar wretches, who are too puſillanimous to defend themſelves from injuries,

injuries, but who triumph in the opportunity of returning them upon their enemies.——"To err, is hu-"man; to forgive, divine." And it is this my Priſcy will chuſe to do, and thereby bleſs

Her ſincere and affectionate

GEORGE SUTTON.

Miſs NEVILLE to Col. SUTTON.

LETTER LXXIX.

Rye-Farm.

NOTHING, Sir, could have been more unexpected than your letter, brought by one of Mr. Walpole's domeſtics: I ſuppoſed it was a billet from my friend at Roſe-Court;

Court, and in that deluſion opened it: had I been ſuſpicious of its coming from you, I had not done it. But when I had begun it, a curioſity, *perfectly womaniſh* I confeſs, made me wiſh to know what could be ſaid in extenuation of perfidy. It was a ſubject which I was totally uninformed in. I read your *defence*, as you ſtyle it: but whether I am not capable of judging in the cauſe, or whether you have, from diſuſe, loſt the art of impoſing upon me, I know not; but I have not been able to find one reaſon why I ſhould admit you as a viſitor at Rye-Farm. You once thought you loved me; I had then more youth and beauty to fix your love than I have now; grief has blighted

blighted every charm, and left me plainer than years could have made me. How ſhould I then riſk again the tranquillity which I have gained from having no lover to diſturb me by fears of his mutability? Shall I throw away my dear-bought experience, and barter for a few months, perhaps *days* of conſtancy, the calm of indifference, and, when I have been diſappointed a ſecond time, have my credulity to add to other weakneſſes?—Can you pretend to be *ſincere*, or *affectionate*, when you aſk me to do this? The crocodile is ſincere when it decoys the traveller to devour him; the bear is affectionate when it embraces to deſtroy:

man is not leſs treacherous or cruel in his aims.

Should I not court deception, if I again truſted to profeſſions I have already found to be fallacious?

Inflexibility is turpitude in your account, when it exceeds the limits you have ſet it; that is, when you are prevented by it from enjoying the pleaſure of betraying. You do well, Sir, to diſapprove of it: firmneſs does not belong to your inconſtant heart; it would confine you in your rovings, and condemn you to inſipid ſameneſs. But I am not to be told by you, what I owe to myſelf: my purpoſe is the reſult of the conviction of my judgement. I will not ſee you; not from being vindictive

in

in my temper, but from being reſolved not to be again deceived. The clemency you call upon me to ſhow, you would not fail often to make me exert, were I fool enough to do it now.——I can be inflexible without being tyrannical: I can be inexorable to an improper requeſt, without loſing any of my compaſſion for the *unhappy*: if you are one of that ſort, I pity you; but I cannot relieve you without endangering myſelf, and you cannot wiſh me to do it without forfeiting your right to it.

The friendſhip which gave you ſuch umbrage yet remains: my ſiſter is as much the object of my regard now, as ſhe was when you left me: ſhe will always be ſo; for there is a

ſolidity in *our attachment*, which does not yield to undeſerved ſuſpicion. We are united by principle, not by fickle taſte; from a thorough knowledge of each other's hearts, not from a vain deſire of being admired, or a ſtill more deteſtable motive, that of being dear to each other, until difference of place or time ſhould make infidelity the *choice* of the one, and the puniſhment of the other.

Will not Colonel Sutton now wave all his pretenſions to viſiting us?—and ſhall I not be acquitted by him for not granting the leave he would have had from me, before I had given him ſuch reaſons for not complying?

I have never blazoned abroad my injuries: I brought into ſolitude the

wrongs

wrongs that might have been divulged by my ſtay in the world. I have not, in my own mind, condemned you for being guilty of more than cuſtom may have entitled you to do.—— Whether I am haughty, and do not care to allow I have been affronted, or generous, and will not reproach you for it, is not of conſequence enough to be diſcuſſed: I only tell the fact, and you may decide as you pleaſe upon it.

The coquette, who could be ſhook off without any diſtreſs to either party, would be a properer object for your love, than the grave and ſteady

PRISCILLA NEVILLE.

Colonel SUTTON to Miſs NEVILLE.

LETTER LXXX.

Roſe-Court.

YOUR anger, Madam, would not have wounded me as your contempt has done—I knew myſelf to be the aggreſſor, and I acknowledged my crime—I did not pretend that would be reparation for it; but I ſubmitted to your mercy, and could not doubt it. You have overcome your own nature to puniſh me; you have borrowed the language of an unfeeling woman to make me ſenſible of an error, which I have inceſſantly deplored—you have brought

us

us more on a par, and, by the pain you have given me now, can no longer ſay you have been the perſon moſt aggrieved. I have now ſome cauſe to complain of you; and by the title of *injured*, which was once all your own, I intreat you to hear me: you may be more kind to that, as being yours, than you were to that of *unhappy*, which you knew nothing of from *your own experience*. The ſtubborn heart, which is not to be moved by ſupplication, is not compatible with the amiability of my Priſcy: ſhe was gentle as deſcending dews, mild as the eye of pity, and would rather have leſſened the malice of ſin, than, by aggravating the frailty of an offender, have rendered him

more obnoxious to himſelf. But it is no longer the ſame Miſs Neville; retirement and contemplation have made her crabbed and unjuſt: ſhe has forſaken ſociety to indulge her diſlike to mankind, and from her prejudices judges of my ſentiments.

Be your *obdurate purpoſe* meritorious, and let me not be cheared with the leaſt hope of forgiveneſs; but do not refuſe me the ſmall comfort of hearing you ſpeak my doom: it is not much to allow to the man who once was high in your eſteem. You cannot be ſo cruel as to deny this, ſurely!—The exact obſervance of the diſtance you have kept me at, ſince I came here, warrants me to aſk for ſo trifling a gratification.—

If

If ever you loved me, if ever you expect to be credited when you ſpeak to ſome more fortunate man, who ſhall be hereafter beloved by you, permit me, Madam, to ſee you. I do not threaten to break through the reſtraint you have laid upon me; I have not temerity enough to obtrude myſelf upon you, unbidden; but I will not deſiſt from my intreaties, until I have prevailed: my whole happineſs is at ſtake, and I will be indefatigable until I have gained it.

Mrs. Wentworth would employ her friendſhip, I am convinced; ſhe would, in the milkineſs of her nature, intercede for me: there was a time, when I would not have been indebted to the mediation of any one

for my Priſcy's ſmiles; but, degraded as I am, I ſhould now accept of her kindneſs on any terms, and treat the condeſcenſion of ſeeing me, as the ſummit of my hopes.

View me, Madam, as a delinquent, ready to expiate, by any ſufferings, the offence which he committed from levity, not from ſober reflexion. We are not ourſelves when jealouſy aſſails with all its fangs: the confuſed brain does not diſcern with preciſion; it ſwells into ſubſtantial injuries the ſhadows that are preſented to it. It was from an exceſs of love that I was diſturbed; a more luke-warm heart would have been eaſy under the appearances which I could not endure; it would have

admitted

admitted a rival in your affections: but would it, my deareſt Priſcy, have been worthy of yours, without that genial warmth which made its chief merit with you?—Age and ſecurity would have corrected the exuberances of mine: had you been my wife, your ſiſter would have been equally dear to you; but I could not have feared a change in my regard—Conſent to be that, and be aſſured of my invariable conſtancy.——The *mutability* you might apprehend in a lover, could not then be ſuſpected; I ſhould never loſe ſight of your excellencies, and ſhould infallibly be as exact a copy of them, as the wiſhes of my ſoul, and the docility of my temper, could make me. *Principle*

would

would make my *attachment*, as certain as your friendſhip is. To be implacable, cannot be right: it proves more of rancor, than of juſtice, to purſue with unremitting rigor the fault that is confeſſed. How ſhall I be convinced that you are *not vindictive*, when I ſee you exerciſing all the cruelty of the moſt vengeful? Reſent my infidelity, ſhow your abhorrence of it, I will join you in blackening the crime; but ſhow ſome conſideration for the ſorrow of the culprit, and encourage his return to righteouſneſs.——Is there a greater bliſs than that of gladdening the ſad heart, or a more exalted attribute than that of mercy,

ey, which never yet rejected the penitent? . . . . . .

The diminution of your beauty cannot affect my paſſion: I ſhall love you better for every change which I have cauſed: the pallid countenance, as it ſhows *my power* over your heart, will be to me more charming than all the vermilion which the prime of youth lends to thoſe untutored in the cares of life. Let me have the joy of admiring thoſe trophies of my love, thoſe endearing marks of your regard.—I am not the baſe *betrayer* you take me for; I yielded to my jealouſy of you, not to my partiality for another: I was impoſed upon by your behaviour, and did not believe that I could have been

regretted

regretted when I wrote that collection of abſurdity which made you reſign me to Miſs Courtney and humiliation. Your anſwer ſtaggered my ſuſpicions, but you did not deſire to remove them; and I had then entangled myſelf in new nets. No ſooner was I diſengaged, than my unalienated heart ſmote me for having forced it from its allegiance: it burns with all the fire of its firſt fondneſs to return to your confidence; to be re-inſtated in your favor, and to enjoy again the happineſs of hearing from your lips that pardon, on which depend the hopes of

Your

GEORGE SUTTON.

Miſs NEVILLE to Col. SUTTON.

LETTER LXXXI.

Rye-Farm.

YOUR perſeverance, Sir, would have been more glorious in a better cauſe; but, as it carries the point in view, you will not be aſhamed of it. Satisfaction, not honor, is your *ambition*; and the pleaſure of being ſucceſsful will outweigh, in your calculation, the reproach of having meanly begged for a favor, which you ſhould have commanded, had you not, by a breach of faith, loſt your authority. You have

tired

tired me out by your importunity; and I grant you the leave you aſk, though I do not find myſelf diſpoſed to think you leſs puniſhable than I did at firſt: but to rid myſelf of a correſpondence, which is become very troubleſome to me, you ſhall be heard; I will ſee you—but it muſt be the laſt time you expect ſuch an indulgence from me. My reaſon condemns the ſoftneſs of my heart, which ſtill argues for you, and which has given the verdict for your admiſſion, againſt the wiſer dictates of its counſellor: this you owe to the unaccountable weakneſs of its ſtill retaining for you ſome of that tenderneſs, which it had too ſincerely felt ever to diveſt itſelf of.

But

But do not infer from hence, Sir, that it ſhall ever govern me again. I can more eaſily ſubdue my paſſions than ſubmit to be diſhonored by them: I can ſtifle the love which would be diſgraceful to me; can renounce the man, who is not ſuch as my underſtanding would make me eſteem.—He cannot be ſuch, who is to be caught by the ſhallow bait of coquettry; or who, from his exceſſive vanity, will not permit me to ſhow any attention to my friends. The imbecillity which renders him liable to be duped, or the inſolence which makes him expect ſuch entire ſubſervience to his will, would make me reject his proffered hand, though my heart were to conſume from my

love

love for him. I will not be ruled, in the moſt important choice to be made, by the blundering infatuation which can give what graces it pleaſes to the choſen; can give veracity to the oaths of men, generoſity to their ſentiments, integrity to their manners—make me deceive myſelf with falſe lights, and, when accident has diſcovered it to me, ſubject me to the abject neceſſity of weeping for the contemptible wanderer. I have done that, Colonel Sutton; and I will never paſs through again the contention cauſed between the pride which diſdains the inſulter, and the ſoftneſs which forgives and regrets him.—The jar of elements does not raiſe

more

more violent commotion than the ſoul ſuffers, in being robbed of its favorite idol—whom it has decked with all the ornaments which miſtaken virtues can give it, and in whom it truſts for all the rewards which truth and devotion can hope for.....

I would not debaſe you more than your conduct has done, and therefore would not be brought to ſee you by the perſuaſions of any one but yourſelf. Feel, if you can, the obligations you owe to a perſon, who, in granting your requeſt, does it in a way that cannot depreſs you, when you appear before her, with a ſenſe of being indebted to any but yourſelf

and

and her, for the favor of converſing with her.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

P. NEVILLE.

Lady NOEL to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXII.

Noel-Caſtle.

MAY my Emma's happineſs be as durable as it is perfect, and make Roſe-Court a ſecond Eden, blooming with every joy in the froſty air of the north! . . . . .

From the *infirmary* I was carried to the gay ſcenes they have had lately at the Grove. I found an invitation, when

when I came home from you, to attend Sally Glanville, who would not put on the bridal attire until I ſhould be there. Young Bridges, whoſe *penchant* I ſo early ſaw, having been accepted of, was, with my uncle's help, able to ſecure a ſettlement for her; and with the conſent of all parties they were married a fortnight ago. They have taken a neat houſe, between my uncle's and Mr. Glanville's, where they may live very prettily on their preſent fortune, which, though but a middling one, will maintain them very well. I am extremely rejoiced that this good girl has been ſo lucky.

Pray,

Pray, will Miſs Neville vouchſafe to take Colonel Sutton now? I want to hear the concluſion of Walpole's plot againſt her. Theſe men are always willing to aſſiſt one another againſt us: we are the enemies they attack; the moſt upright of them hold, that in love and war, ſtratagems are allowable; yet they exclaim at the leaſt detection of hypocriſy in us. We are to be guileleſs, that they may be at greater liberty to impoſe upon us. Upon my word, this is not very creditable for the plotters: methinks there would be more dexterity in their foiling us in an equal ſtruggle, than in their taking us by ambuſcade.——But what am I ſaying? I ſhould not permit ſuch accuſations

cuſations to come from me: I have never been ſenſible of any art, but that of *pleaſing*, in my Charles; and I ſhould take my opinion of the others from him: but Lady Wilmington from diſappointment, and Kitty Biſhop from being ſatirical, have given me ſome very unfavorable thoughts of the generality of mankind, and I have been fooliſh enough to reveal them now: I could find in my heart to retract, was it not for blotting out ſo many lines of my letter, which would give it ſuch a ſlovenly look, that I ſhould write it all over again, and that I have not time to do this poſt.

My ſiſter Wilmington and I have been diſputing which would be preferable,

ferable, the loſing of a lover from his baſeneſs, or from his death. She would chuſe the laſt, were ſhe put to her option; whilſt my *cowardly* ſpirit would rather bear with the loſs of his heart than of his life. She ſays, that her tears could flow upon his bier without reproach; that ſhe could think of him without being lowered in her own eſteem; could fancy him the inſpector of her actions, the inviſible agent who would direct her ſteps, and exult in her merit; whoſe ſoul would be her object of love, and to whoſe recollection ſhe ſhould be conſtant.

I, on the other hand, talk of the horrors which his very perfections would occaſion when he was ſnatched

from

from me; the deſperation of an irrevocable end of all my fond expectations, and the dark melancholy which this would create: whereas the falſehood which mortified my pride would leſſen the paſſion which was ſlighted, and, after having ſurmounted the *ſhock*, the mind would return to its natural eaſe: the ſtorm abated once, the calm that ſucceeded would be more certain, and the purchaſe of experience would make ſome compenſation for the pain: I ſhould ſtand a better chance of being *eaſy* the reſt of my life, from the hard leſſon I had been taught, and might know, that ſhe who does not depend upon a mortal ſhall not be deceived.

——We each ſupported our theſis

with great *elocution*, but neither of the diſputants was to be drawn from her own.--Miſs Neville now, I ſhould imagine, might decide with the tone of a love-caſuiſt, and let us abide by her determination.—Julia does not quite agree to this : ſhe declares, that, had my Lord died when ſhe was oppoſing her mother for him, ſhe ſhould have been far happier than in ſupporting his indifference. I cannot think ſo ; for her imagination would have tormented her forever with his image, embelliſhed with every amiable quality ; and ſhe would have pined in endleſs grief for him ; whereas now ſhe is every day becoming leſs ſenſible of his neglect : but

but ſhe may indeed ſpeak more knowingly upon this, than can

Your

F. NOEL.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Roſe-Court.

"WHO ſhall decide when *doc-*
"*tors* diſagree?" Which ſhall we give the prize to, where the controverſy has been ſo equally ſupported? I ſhould vote with you, but that does not finiſh it at all. It is the particular opinion of each one who is to chuſe, not the real

merit or demerit of the ſubjects, that can be aſcertained by it.

Miſs Neville, in the plenitude of her joy, from the reconciliation that had been brought about, with great labor, between her and Colonel Sutton, was not ſo impartial an arbitrator as you ſhould have had. When I put it to her, ſhe ſaid laughingly, "Tell Lady Noel, that there are "more arguments on her ſide than "on Lady Wilmington's; that death "leaves no conſolation; but that "there is a pleaſure in *forgiving* the "faults of a lover, which makes "one forget they have ſuffered from "them."——Her's are really ſuch; for ſhe is not to be gueſſed at for the ſame love-lorn Priſcy, who looked

looked like a ſpectre, and appeared to *accept*, not to *enjoy* life.—She now ſkims along blithe as a bird, and has more vivid hues in her complexion than all Warren's coſmetics could give.—There is not ſuch a beautifier as content.——"Roſes will bloom, "where there's peace in the breaſt."

The Colonel came down as ſoon as he heard of her being in our neighbourhood; but being told of her objection to ſeeing him, he wrote the evening he arrived, and ſent it by our footman, to prevent her being prepoſſeſſed againſt it. The letter had been directed and ſealed by me. Her anſwer, which did not come until the next day, gave him much *diſcomfiture:* he read, and knit

his brows, as if it was ſome ſharp rebuke he had had. He put it up, walked out, ſtood long over the edge of the pond in the garden, as if he had taken it for the *Leucadian rock*, the leap for deſpairing lovers to take; but thinking, as all wiſe men ſhould, that it was time enough to die when he could live no longer, or very poſſibly being ſtruck with his perſon which the liquid mirror reflected, he might gain new courage to aſſay the heart again which that fine figure had once found vulnerable; he went up to his deſk, and wrote a ſecond letter. When he came back to us, he looked ſo *woe-worn*, that Mr. Walpole, in perfect pity to him, could not jeſt with his uſual light-

neſs,

neſs, but comforted him by ſaying, " He had too much regard for Miſs " Neville, to think ſhe could refuſe to " ſee any gentleman who had aſked " her permiſſion to viſit her."—" But " I am not to be claſſed with others, " Walpole: ſhe makes now the moſt " unkind diſtinctions between me " and the reſt of the world.—I am " a *betrayer*, who ſhould, by her ac- " count, be treated with the greateſt " ſeverity.—I muſt not hope to be " admitted to ſee her."

" If ſhe once comes to rail at you," replied his friend (well read in the characters of women) " ſhe will not " long be unacceſſible. Had ſhe " returned your epiſtle unopened, " or even unread, ſuppoſing ſhe had

" been miſled by the method of con-
" veyance to break the ſeal, I ſhould
" have adviſed you to have raiſed the
" ſiege, in your own phraſe, and to
" have abandoned the impregnable
" fortreſs; but if the foe parleys,
" ſhe will capitulate, or I am no *gene-*
" *ral——admirer* of your ſex, my
" love," ſaid he, turning to me.

Theſe aſſurances had no great ſway with Colonel Sutton, who was in and out of the doors, up and down ſtairs, forty times in the day. Priſcy would be won with difficulty, and did not ſend any billet-doux until ſhe had taken time to digeſt all he had written to her: then came this deſired grant, which was to heal all wounds. He ſtaid not to give her

ſpace

ſpace for recalling it, if ſhe had been deſirous of doing it, but went off directly to Rye-Farm; though Mr. Walpole, by way of teaſing him, pulled him back once to tell him he would ruin all by his haſte; that, if he made her wait a little, it would whet her deſire of ſeeing him, and make his appearance more welcome: he ſhook off his hold, and haſtened out of the houſe.

His reception was not ſuch as he had wiſhed for; he was not in ſpirits when he came home: but he did not blab a word of what had paſſed. He kept on viſiting there for ten days, when Miſs Neville came to ſee me, and owned honeſtly, that, after raiſing herſelf to ſuch a height

above him, ſhe did not well underſtand how ſhe could come down to treat upon an equal footing with him. It was palpable, that ſhe would not long be diſtreſſed about this. He, all humble and reſpectful, left her in no incertitude about his having the juſteſt ſenſe of his error; whilſt his aſſiduity and paſſionate tenderneſs for her aſſured her of his preſent regard.——A week or two completed the courtſhip. When all was agreed upon, the evening before they were to be married, he gave her a paper, which he begged ſhe would preſent to Mrs. Wentworth, and which made over to her Miſs Neville's fortune, her own having been partly ſpent during Mr. Wentworth's life.

This

This was liberality as unexpected as welcome to his Priſcy, who had been afraid of her ſiſter's being hurt by the diviſion of the money; as withdrawing five thouſand pounds from their ſtock would have reduced hers to a very narrow compaſs. She is to live with them, at Colonel Sutton's own requeſt. The hymeneal rites being performed, they left the country—are to paſs the enſuing winter in London, then to go to reſide at Iſleworth, where he has a charming villa.——This is no bad winding up of *their romance*, for methinks they ſeldom carry the ſtory beyond the concluſion of the marriage; a ſly inſinuation, perhaps, that there ends all *the love*

of

of the adventurous pairs who had run through ſuch hazardous encounters for each other before they had been ſecured by the Gordian knot, and obliged to abide by one another for the reſt of their lives.

I have returned you the news of Priſcy's wedding for yours of Miſs Glanville's, whoſe luck I was vaſtly pleaſed to hear of.

Lady Wilmington ſhould not have much weight with you: you know that you yourſelf ſaid, the match, which took place through her *ſtubbornneſs* and his *covetouſneſs*, did not foretell any great felicity. Had ſhe not been hood-winked by her own perverſeneſs, ſhe might have ſeen how *tepid* the heart was which at his

his age could love gold.——I think her ſituation exceedingly to be dreaded, but ſhe herſelf not ſo pitiable as many women would be. Her capriciouſneſs would have made her uneaſy with any companion; and her having ſuch an one to perſecute with it, is not amiſs.

How frequently have I known what has been deemed *good-nature*, to be nothing more than an inſenſibility of temper! which making men totally unconcerned about the accidents that happen, they preſerve all their equanimity when warmer ſouls would be enraged: ſuch are uſually the Stoics we ſee in the world; for without religion

(which

(which few of them have) there is no curbing impatience.....

Kitty has indulged herſelf in uttering every thought that paſſes in her mind, and is ſuch a wag withall, that ſhe is ſtill leſs to be minded when ſhe talks of mankind.—You and I, my dear Fanny, ſhould be their champions againſt theſe two accuſers, for we have found them guiltleſs of all they have laid to their charge.—Your Noel is not leſs worthy of your partiality, than is my Walpole of that of

Your

EMMA WALPOLE.

Miſs

Miſs BISHOP to Mrs. WALPOLE.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Burton.

I May now expect to be treated with indulgence, ſince my deareſt Emma has left the *elegiacs*, and can ſmile at the quaint conceits which I indite.——My gaiety has actually been raiſed to its topmoſt pitch ſince I have heard of your happineſs;—every nook has rung with my noiſe. My brother, who has been too long abſent to remember that I always had much of the boiſterous in me, now draws in his chin, and reads me lectures upon the impropriety of my

exceſſive

exceſſive vivacity, which is very repugnant to his *ſober ſadneſs*.—There muſt be ſomething in the tour, which forces young men to emulate the gravity of their grandfires. William is no *Maccaroni*, but he is *triſtful* enough to ſuit their plan: or very likely he ſeems ſolemn to me only; for he is commonly named as an agreeable youth, out of my company. He is rather too ſentimental for me, and now and then arrives at *pompoſity* from his great exactitude in fitting his language to his ſtories.—Lady Catharine is proud of him: my father ſees himſelf renewed in him, and grows young when he is recounting the feats of his ſon, who really has, like a true and liege knight,

knight, *comported* himſelf very honorably, if his tutor and his friend are to be credited; but one may praiſe himſelf in commending him, and the other may not have ſolidity enough to judge of him: however, he is, *en verité*, a very good ſon and a very *careful* brother.

The dialogue I am going to give you will inform you, better than any thing I ſay beſides, of this laſt. I ſhall not mention the names of the two who held it, after every ſentence —*ſo ſaid he*, and *thus ſaid I*:—but you will know the ſpeakers by the tenor of it.

I was ſtroking my paroquet, and teaching it ſome words a few weeks ago, when William brought in his friend,

friend, Lord Beaumont, who travelled with him, and who is the repoſitory in which all his thoughts are ſtored up for the uſe of both. The Viſcount is as like him in his manner, as another brother could have been; but he is better humored, and can bear a joke. After his introduction, he was continually coming down to us, to ſtay three or four days at a time. I ſaw nothing particular in this; but ſome time after, when I was left alone with William one morning, he begun, after a roundabout way, to aſk me ſome queſtions—as thus:

"Pray, Kitty, have you ever "taken any notice of Lord Beau-"mont's coming here?"

"No,

" No, if *you mean* as to the num-
" ber of times, I proteſt I have kept
" no reckoning; but I have been
" obſervant enough to know when
" he has come or gone away, ſo as
" to do the civil thing."

" You might have ſuppoſed I did
" not mean any ſuch nonſenſe."

" Well then, tell me plainly what
" you do; for I am no conjuror to
" find out men's thoughts."

" Have you then ſeen nothing in
" his behaviour that could ſpeak for
" him?"

" Nothing more than in other
" people's—he has not been ſo queer
" as to make me think him crazy,
" nor ſo wiſe as to make me think
" him a Solomon. He has been

" good-

" good-humored, and, if not jocoſe,
" he has not quarreled with me for
" being ſo. His *dreſs*, I recollect
" now, once drew my eye; and I
" was juſt going to tell him, he had
" a very handſome *waiſtcoat* on, but
" that I thought England rather too
" cold a climate to go without a *coat*
" —when, fortunately looking a
" little cloſer, I found out the dap-
" per ſkirts, which I had not been
" able to ſee at firſt."

" Heavens! how ridiculous to talk
" at this rate!——Lord Beaumont,
" let me acquaint you, is no fool,
" nor ſhall he be uſed as one by you."

" Did I not ſay juſt now, that I
" had not been very obſervant of
" him? ſo that I am obliged to you
" for

" for your information—I might elſe
" have *miſtaken* him—But what does
" all this tend to?"

" Why, I was *commiſſioned* by him
" to ſpeak to you—"

" Is he to pay you ſo much *per*
" *cent.* for your words, that you have
" given me this long preface to the
" buſineſs?"

" Inſupportable flippancy!——
" Kitty, you fancy yourſelf a wit,
" but you are deviliſhly deceived:
" you talk faſt, and laugh loud; but
" ſhallow waters make moſt ſound,
" and empty heads moſt noiſe."

" Theſe are judicious obſervations
" —pray, did you hear them on this
" ſide, or on the other ſide of the
" Alps?—You are a great proficient

" in

" in ſimiles—do you take Mr. Bayes'
" advice, and make one when you
" are *ſurpriſed* always."

" To talk to you, is loſs of time;
" I ſhall never ſpend mine ſo un-
" profitably."—(He was going, but I would not part in anger.)

" Come, my choleric brother,
" let us underſtand each other better:
" I will be ſilent, if you will be
" conciſe; but you muſt come to
" the point, or I will not anſwer for
" myſelf.—Now, dear William, do
" not be ill-natured, for I have no
" gall; I am a pigeon for that. I
" have always been uſed to make
" free with my betters; ſo that you
" cannot break me all at once of this
" *flippancy*, as you term it—but who

" knows

" knows how I may be *amended* by
" your converſation? Tell me what
" Lord Beaumont *commiſſioned* you
" to ſay—I will take that time to
" breathe a little."

" You will ſneer probably at him
" for loving you?"

" I don't know what I might
" do, was I to hear him make love
" for himſelf; but, as *you* are his
" *ambaſſador*, I dare not, for fear
" you ſhould be affronted."

" Anſwer me, Kitty; is it affec-
" tation, or inſenſibility, that makes
" you ſo careleſs about him?"

" Both, William—I *affect* to de-
" ſpiſe admiration—I am *inſenſible* to
" the paſſion he feels."——(I ſpoke

with

with a broad grin: this ſtirred up his bile again.)

"Trifler!--You cannot be ſe-
"rious."

"Then love is an antidote to
"mirth: diſclaim it then, and the
"*peer* of the woeful countenance
"may find out another Dulcinea as
"ſoon as he will."

My brother took up a book, and would not talk more to me. I called Favori to come and commune with me, that I might not be reduced to mere ſoliloquy: the dog fawned upon me; but, as he could not ſpeak, I ſoon left him, and took up my guittar, to which I hummed *Maudit amour*, then *Le jour du mariage eſt le tombeau de l'amour*. I had ſtrum-

med

med myſelf almoſt into the dumps, and might have had recourſe to a dirge, by way of ſolemn harmony, had not my mother come in, and by her facetiouſneſs and pleaſantry raiſed my ſpirits again. I related to her all our *ſquabble*: ſhe called William teſty, and me *bizarre*; but after the *boy* had quitted us, ſhe enquired whether I really choſe to have Lord Beaumont or not, as he would not be diſagreeable either to her, or Mr. Biſhop. I made no objection; and in ſome days after, *the lover* came down: we were left together: he ſeated himſelf by me, hummed, looked upon the carpet, then walked towards the window, and ſaid ſomething that he had *ſaid* upon firſt

taking the view, but which he repeated now, for want of other diſcourſe. After a dozen *hems*, half a ſcore *haws*, and ſhewing his white teeth in attempting to ſpeak, he found his words more fluent, and made his mind known to me. I magine there never is any thing very *extraordinary* in this ſort of oration: I declare there was not in this, at leaſt. After this, my Lord is conſidered as one of ourſelves—he is for ever near me: it is ſomewhat *gênant* to be ſo conſtantly attended by the ſame man; and I ſometimes have tried to eſcape from his watchfulneſs. Favori barked at him yeſterday, when he wanted to ſnatch a noſegay out of my hands: I told him it was be-

cauſe

cauſe he could not bear to ſee any *puppy*, but himſelf, careſſed by me. He was unreſolved how to take my compliment, until my brother, in high choler, ſwore he would not bear ſuch inſults tamely. My Lord then laughed off the ſpeech, and this did him more ſervice with me than ſeven years of ſervitude. I am not clear that he is all that *youthful ladies* "fancy when "they love;" but he is quiet and unaſſuming, makes generous offers, and is ſo ready to applaud me, that I never finiſh a period, without crying, "*Hey, Beaumont!*"—William may adviſe himſelf hoarſe; a man *in love* is not to be helped by it; and as long as I pleaſe to rally, ſo long will his friend bear with it.

I often talk of going down to Roſe-Court for a few weeks, as I have no thoughts of marrying for ſome months; yet, if I come, I ſhall bring with me the train of my attendants—Lord Beaumont to gallant me, my ſage brother to reprove me, my dog to follow me, and the paroquet to entertain Bel and myſelf.

You know now the whole *ſcheme of my lottery*——I ſhall be more likely to raiſe proviſions by it, in Yorkſhire, than money, I doubt: but at the worſt, to make money, I may ſhew my lover for a *monkey*; Favori for *le chien ſavant*; the talking bird for a *phœnix*; William and myſelf, as two perſonages who have ſailed round the world in queſt of rarities,

and come back to *aſtoniſh* our countrymen with ſtrange ſights! Curioſity, I gueſs, is as prevalent in your latitude, as it is elſewhere; and we ſhall, without fail, gather as much renown, as any adventurers who have been celebrated.

Adieu, Walpole, and you muſt believe me

Yours ſincerely,

CATHARINE BISHOP.

[*Here ſeveral letters are omitted, as they contained nothing intereſting or new.*]

Mr. WALPOLE to Col. SUTTON.

LETTER LXXXV.

Roſe-Court.

SHORT has been, my dear Sutton, the peace I boaſted. The means by which I found it, are now the diſturbers of it. My Emma, who is all the moſt unreaſonable could deſire—my Bel, the fineſt child that father could wiſh for—theſe dear paragons of virtue and goodneſs, who ſhould have been my greateſt comforts, are now my bittereſt pangs. I behold my wife deprived of a thouſand things agreeable, if not eſſential to her, in a ſituation

that

that requires more than ordinary helps to make her eaſy and ſafe. Her health, delicate as it has always been, and the bleak north wind ready to pierce through the houſe, and from its roughneſs threatening her weak cheſt with new complaints, makes me every hour more alarmed about her. I had been promiſed an appointment in one of the new-ſettled iſlands by Lord ——: I had reſerved this as a ſecurity againſt the wants of my family; and when I found Mrs. Walpole demanded more than our wrecked fortune could give, I wrote to his Lordſhip, without ſaying any thing of it to her, deſigning to go over myſelf, and to ſupport her in London, where ſhe would be better

aſſiſted by the ſalary which my place would give. I was anſwered, that the appointment had paſſed, and that I might take poſſeſſion of it when I liked. My Emma was with me when I got this letter—I read it to her—ſhe clung about me, beſeeching me to ſtay, or to let her go with me, for ſhe ſhould not outlive my abſence—I could not refuſe her what ſhe begged with ſuch ardor, but which to comply with was not to be ſoon adjuſted—to ſtay and ſee her periſh, was death to me—to take her through all the dangers of ſuch a voyage, as much diſtreſſed me. She ſtill importuned me to ſay what I ſhould do, and to make her ſatisfied; for going abroad, or ſtaying in Yorkſhire

with me, would be juſt the ſame to her; ſhe diſliked nothing, but being ſevered from me. I aſked her whether it was poſſible for me to remain an indifferent ſpectator of her ſufferings; and whether my abſence would not be preferable to our ſtarving together, if I ſtaid?—What chimerical fears are theſe, my deareſt Mr. Walpole! anſwered ſhe: would you realiſe miſery, by leaving me, to prevent artificial indigence?—Are we not rich in peace? and what is there wanting, to make our lives glide with tranquil happineſs, more than what we enjoy? I pray to heaven, every hour, for a continuance of this placidity: it is the ſtate I have always moſt envied; and would

you rob me of it? Have you ever ſeen diſcontent lowering in my looks, ſince you have returned to me? why will you now force it on me? The luxuries of the Aſiatics would be freely exchanged by me for the delights of this retirement. I find no deficiency in our income; it ſupplies us with ſimple aliments, and raiment adapted to our wiſhes. In you I find a refuge againſt every harm; but if you deſire more pomp and wealth, let me ſhare your toil, and your company will make me fancy there are charms in thoſe words, which I never before diſcovered.

I ſtrained the ſweet ſeraph to my throbbing heart, bid her talk on, and I ſhould no longer recollect that

I could be uneaſy. But as I did not poſitively ſay how I had determined about her, ſhe began to entertain ſome ſuſpicion of my going off without any more notice being taken of it; and the firſt time ſhe miſſed me for a few hours, I found her, at my coming back, with the deepeſt anxiety depicted on her intelligent countenance, and her eyes ſtill humid: this has made her ſince keep a ſort of guard upon me, which when I ſaw, I gave her the firmeſt promiſe of not going without her. But, my beloved, added I, can you venture to go ſuch a voyage at this time? will you be able to undergo the hardſhips and horrors of it? And what can be done with Bel?

" O,

"O, as for her," cried she, "it "will not incommode her in the "leaſt to be at ſea; ſhe is of an age "not to feel any inconvenience from "it; and I have no *terrors* to ap- "prehend. The ſame Providence "that watches over us here, will be "there. I aſk for its protection "with the moſt aſſured confidence "in it; for it is as benevolent as "powerful, and does not diſregard "the humble ſupplicant."

There is no oppoſing truths from ſuch lips; and as I could not, without doing violence to her and myſelf, leave her behind me, I muſt perforce riſque my whole hope at once, and embark, with her and my daughter, for the new world. Sutton, you

can

can tell how rived my heart must be by this ſcheme; it is ready to give way, when I think over the hazards thoſe two are to run: yet we muſt do ſomething; for my extravagance has left ſo ſmall a matter for their wants, that it cannot adminiſter enough even for my moderate Emma, though ſhe would make me think ſhe has plenty for all her *wiſhes*. She enjoys *tranquil* pleaſures, and can be content—but, George, the waſteful ſpoiler—the unthinking diſſipater of her fortune—he can know none. I grieve momently with the idea of her wanting ſomething, which we cannot procure her; and what ſhe names *artificial indigence*, is *realiſed* indeed with me.

In

In six weeks, at most, we must quit England. We must go to London for two or three days, in our way to Portsmouth. I shall see you, my friend; I shall converse with you, probably for the last. But why make you suffer any of the troubles which fill the soul of

WILLIAM WALPOLE?

Col. SUTTON to W. WALPOLE, Esq.

LETTER LXXXVI.

YOU have injured our league, my dear, high-minded Walpole, by refusing to accept of my assistance in redressing your affairs; you have made a breach in the co-

venant

venant of friendſhip; and if you were not already unhappy, I ſhould be tempted to abandon you for your obſtinacy in rejecting my offers.

Mrs. Sutton expects you and Mrs. Walpole will be with us during your ſtay in town, as the houſe in Portman-Square will not be aired. I do not love to add to your dejection, but I ſhould mention my opinion to you about your voyage: it does not appear to me likely to anſwer the purpoſe: the new iſlands may be very promiſing; but it's a great while before they can be flouriſhing, and it is from this only that you can be enriched: it takes time to bring every ſettlement to maturity: numbers have been ſhipped off, who-

have

have not found the *golden dreams*, they went with, made out on their arrival. You are not neceſſitated to ſeek *your bread*; you might wait at leaſt until ſome months hence, when, if you have a ſon, you will be able to cut down timber enough to pay off all your incumbrances: but you have not patience to ſtay for any thing; the minute you wiſh you muſt be gratified. If Mrs. Walpole ſhould have another girl, then really you might be in haſte to make ſome proviſion for them; but be quiet until that is determined, and in the mean while bring her and Bel. to us, where they will be out of the reach of the rough breath of Boreas, and well attended to. Priſcy and Mrs. Went-

worth

worth are excellent nurſes. If this is to be diſregarded, as all my proffers have been by you, I ſhall not ſo eaſily forgive it, as you will diſoblige three of your ſincereſt friends by it: ſo be no longer refractory.

Who do you think I ſaw the other day, but Mrs. Bromley? I went into the chapel at ——, where I was told I ſhould hear a famous Methodiſt teacher, who was in the midſt of his *furious* exhortation, ranting away like a dæmoniac. I was not long taken up with him, you may imagine, but throwing my eyes about to ſee the congregation, in a ſnug ſeat I perceived the now demure widow, turning up her *piercers* to the cieling, and diſtorting her face with all the

grimace

grimace of a fanatic. I could ſcarcely perſuade myſelf that it was ſhe, until I ſaw her *frized* out about the head, and uniting all the *prophane* vanities of a worldling to the *ſanctified* convulſions of the *children of new grace*:—no one but herſelf, I knew, could be ſo contradictory. This is a good finiſhing to ſuch a part as ſhe has acted in life. A termagant may make a *perfect* ſaint, where violence is merit.

Adieu; be more compliant, and know to be always

Yours,

GEORGE SUTTON.

Mr.

Mr. WALPOLE to Colonel SUTTON.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Roſe-Court.

I Will not exaſperate you with ſaying what had been my anſwer to your laſt, ſince I can now, my dear Sutton, ſtay at home and ſee my Emma blaze in her own luſtre again. But good fortune makes me more incoherent than all our misfortunes did. I am inebriated with joy, and cannot tell where to commence my narrative; but take it piece-meal then.

We had actually packed up every thing, and had fixed on Wedneſday

for

for ſetting out from hence on our migration. Emma ſhowed not the ſmalleſt reluctance; but I caſt many a wiſhful look at every thing about me, which increaſed in my eſteem the nearer I was to leaving them. Sunday paſſed, and no change came; but on Monday noon I received the following information.

"SIR,

"Mr. Savage has by his will be-
"queathed you the bulk of his for-
"tune, which by what I can learn
"does not fall ſhort of a *plum*,
"placed in the different funds of
"England. I am nominated joint
"executor with you to diſcharge a
"few trifling debts and legacies out

"of

" of it: and as ſoon as you can act,
" I ſhall be ready to help in ful-
" filling the will of my late worthy
" friend.

" I am, Sir,

" Your humble ſervant,

" MARTIN ALLGOOD.

I have not had ſo agreeable a correſpondent for ſome time as this Mr. Allgood. His late worthy friend, and my uncle, was my mother's third brother, and her favorite. He was brought up in the city, where his induſtry ſoon raiſed him to be of ſome note amongſt the merchants. He had an only ſon, who about two months ago broke his neck by a fall from his horſe: he was a very fine lad,

lad, and the doating-piece of his poor father, who uſed to be very kind to me when I was at ſchool, and having a country box about ſeven or eight miles from town, would take me there on Sundays with him. He did not love my father; but for his good Annabella, ſhe and every child of hers were dear to him. When ſhe died, he had no intercourſe with me: I had not ſeen him for ſeveral years; when, after I came from my travels, I called upon him: he had thought himſelf neglected by me, and had abated much of his regard for me by that time. I ſtill continued to viſit him, and took great notice of young Savage, which rekindled ſome latent ſparks of his

kindneſs

kindneſs again. He advanced a ſum for me when I was in need of one at my firſt ſetting out in diſſipation; but finding me too *expenſive*, he refuſed to anſwer any more of my draughts. This made a coolneſs between us; but on hearing of his ſon's accident, I found all my wrath give way to my compaſſion, and I wrote him a letter of condolance, which one of his clerks anſwered, informing me that his maſter had never held up his head ſince young Mr. Savage's death, but that he had been very ſenſible of my remembrance; that he was then ſuppoſed to be dieing. My heart was affected at the ſituation of this good man, and I could have wiſhed to have been with him, but

there

there was no means of getting to him then.

My ſenſations were problematical upon the receipt of this news: I was ſorry for the ſufferings which had brought me theſe riches; yet I could not regret ſo much as I ſhould have done, when I found myſelf relieved by them from ſo many dreadful chagrins. My wife's humane heart was not divided by any ſelfiſh comfort; ſhe ſhed tears over the father and his ſon, and I believe would have compounded with poverty, could ſhe have recalled them to life.

Our London journey will not be poſtponed beyond the end of this week. We ſhall meet, my deareſt

Sutton,

Sutton, with much more glee than has been felt this age by

Your ever affectionate friend,

WILLIAM WALPOLE.

Mrs. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Portman-Square.

EVENTS as unexpected as unwiſhed for, my dear Fanny, have brought your Emma from her retreat, where uſe and reflexion had made her feel that thorough contempt for fortune, which all who deſire to be happy ſhould poſſeſs. It will, I truſt, make me know too how to uſe the affluence which is

again fallen to my ſhare.——A large legacy has reſtored Mr. Walpole to his primitive eaſe: he has learnt in adverſity to regulate his paſſions:—no longer that captious humoriſt, who kept me in awe, he is gentle, and always approving:—his love ſtill undiminiſhed; but it is governed by his good ſenſe now, not by his whims, as at firſt.

I find myſelf as if tranſplanted into a new ſoil here; the novelty of every object ſtrikes me with a ſort of ſurpriſe: whole ſtreets have been added, and the old ones are ſo transformed, from paving and lighting anew, that they are not to be known again. But this is nothing ſtrange to you, who have been ſo lately here.

The Biſhops are in town: Kitty drags about her *captive* to every place. I enquired when ſhe intended to be married: ſhe ſays, not until the marriage-act is repealed, and that ſhe can be wedded when and where ſhe pleaſes, for ſhe hates reſtraint of any kind. My Lord ſmirks at her drollery; but he will not be long pleaſed if ſhe keeps her reſolution; for he is an *inamorato*, literally ſpeaking. She too is not entirely free from the *pleaſing pain*, though it has not yet robbed her of any bloom or gaiety: ſhe laughs even at her lover when any of his actions are at all ridiculous; it would be well if ſhe did not often make

them ſo by her manner of drawing them.

Her volubility of ſpeech makes her lover often hurt before ſhe means to ridicule him; but, as ſoon as he begins to ſhow himſelf at all afraid of her, ſhe never ſpares him; for ſhe looks upon this as a declaration of war on his ſide, and will not be *dared* by him. I wondered that ſhe could try to expoſe his imperfections, as ſhe profeſſed to love him. "I am "not," replied ſhe, "one of thoſe "blind fools who can diſcern no "failings in thoſe they like; and as "I do not expect others ſhould be "leſs perſpicacious, I let them ſee "that I am as much ſo as they are. "Lord Beaumont is a very good

"creature;

" creature; but he has ſome dark
" ſpots in him as well as the ſun,
" and I muſt not be ſo unfriendly as
" not to point them out to him.——
" He has a propenſity to *foppiſhneſs*,
" which I muſt cure: the extreme
" of faſhion comes within the verge
" of ridicule, and this is all I em-
" ploy: I cannot diſcard a man be-
" cauſe his coat is ſhorter than
" another's, or becauſe his hat is
" leſs; but I can ſatiriſe him for it."

I could not ſubſcribe to *theſe articles*; but, as he is not mine, I need not diſpute them with this volatile talker, who is not to be argued with from reaſon.

I ſhould have begun this with more weighty ſubjects than the quarrels of

lovers; I ſhould have told my Fanny, that Lord and Lady Clarendon have been reconciled, and are both mended by the reflexions they have made during their ſeparation. The day or two after we came up, we had ſpent the day in Bruton-Street; and when we had got home, ſeeing ſeveral viſiting cards lying on the table, I went to it, and read over the names on many of them. Taking up one, I ſaws hers on it. I cannot define to you what I felt on finding her among my viſiters. Mr. Walpole was by me, and had riveted his eyes upon me, whilſt I had been peruſing theſe tickets: he could not but obſerve my emotion when I held that.—"What is there in Lady

"Clarendon's

"Clarendon's name, my dear Em-
"ma," interrogated he, "which is
"ſo ungrateful to you?—You are
"alternately red and pale, as if it
"contained ſome noxious quality in
"it." I remained in ſpeechleſs ſuſ-
penſe, not being fixed in what I
ſhould ſay upon it—when he enfolded
me in his arms, and preſſing my face
to his—"Do not, my love," proceeded
he, "endeavour to hide from me
"your having heard the reports
"which the malicious world in-
"vented about this unhappy woman
"and me. The effect they have had
"upon you is too obvious; but in
"it I find new proofs of your love,
"and I am vain of them. But, be-
"lieve me, the ſtory is as falſe as

" it is ſcandalous. Lady Clarendon
" has been aſperſed from conjectures
" groundleſs as the malice of the
" town generally is againſt the
" beauteous. She has been injured
" on my account, and therefore I
" think myſelf bound to make all
" the reparation I can to her; and I
" ſhould be glad if you would coun-
" tenance her viſiting here; for when
" ſhe is ſeen to be intimate with my
" wife, the world will be inclined to
" acquit her of ever being too much
" ſo with me." I ſhould not have merited the confidence of my huſband, had I heſitated about this: I was pleaſed to have him ſo deſirous of repairing the giddineſs which had been hurtful to her, and went the

next evening to return her viſit.—
She was at home, and Lady Surry
with her: ſhe was confuſed at my
firſt coming in; but immediately
getting over it, ſhe came up, and,
with affability unuſual in her for-
merly, welcomed me to London,
and thanked me for this early viſit.
Lady Surry looked more than ſhe
choſe to ſay, but it was all favorable
to me. When I found them ſo
ready to meet my advances towards
intimacy, I ſpoke of the pleaſure I
ſhould take in being much with
them; Lady Clarendon proteſted ſhe
would not be backward in coming to
me.—I thought ſhe never was ſo
perfectly handſome as ſhe was then.
I could think of nothing but "Soft,

"modeſt, melancholy, female fair:" haughtineſs was all ſubdued, and her diffidence aided every charm about her. I told Mr. Walpole at my return, that, if I had any thing to fear from him, I ſhould fancy her a more dangerous rival now than ever ſhe had been.—He defied her power.

The morning after, I had an invitation to an aſſembly at Lady Surry's, and many excuſes for its not having been ſent before, as it was to be given three days after. In the interim I agreed to call on Lady Clarendon in Wimpole-Street (where ſhe took a houſe to be near her family) and to go in with her; accordingly we were announced together, to the viſible aſtoniſhment of many there, who

who had not ſuppoſed we ſhould have been ſo ſociable with each other. This was a ſignal of our not being at enmity: we made our appearance in many private companies always together. She was rather ſcrupulous of going in public, as ſhe had never been ſince their parting; but I prevailed on her to go with me to the Pantheon ſome time after: ſhe was dreſſed in virgin white, and might at ſuch a place well have paſſed for the Goddeſs of Chaſtity, ſo timid and ſo pure did ſhe look. We had not walked about long when I diſtinguiſhed Lord Clarendon, at ſome diſtance, taking a ſurvey of our party, which was made up of Lord and Lady Surry, his own Lady, the Biſhops, and Suttons,

Suttons, Mr. Walpole, and myſelf. I leaned upon my huſband's arm, and on the other ſide of me was Lady Clarendon. Admire at my humility, in having ſuch a beauty ſo near me. I was amazed at it myſelf when I thought of it: but I wiſhed to attract no eyes but thoſe whoſe tender admiration I was ſure of; theſe were my Walpole's, which did not once wander from me. I was ſoon fatigued, and we got ſeats; but the others, not being ſo eaſily ſatisfied with what they had ſeen, left Lady Clarendon and me, to go to ſome other part of the building: ſhe was ſitting by me in cloſe converſation when my Lord paſſed by, and again eyed us. I thought it beſt *not to ſtare*

him

him out of a bow, as he might have been diſtreſſed how to have ſaluted my neighbour: this made me ſeem not to have obſerved him; but ſhe could not ſo well conceal her agitation on their meeting: he walked away, as if to avoid being noticed by her; but he never ceaſed following us whenever we ſtirred. . . .

We had ſeen the marble of Italy ſurpaſſed here by compoſition. The next day we were to ſee ingenuity carried farther, and to view life and motion given to animals and inſects by the dexterity of Mr. Cox, whoſe muſeum our ſet was to viſit. Here Lord Clarendon, as if impelled by the ſame inclination, met us at the door, and was huddled in with our

company.

company, as if he had been one of it: he juſt moved his hat, and ſeparated as ſoon as we got into the room.——On the Saturday night next, Lady Clarendon and I went to the opera by ourſelves: her Lord was directly under us; he looked up, conſidered for a little ſpace, then went out: preſently our box was opened, and we were ſurpriſed at ſeeing him come into it. He accoſted his conſort with—"Am I ſo hateful to Lady "Clarendon, that ſhe will not even "look at me when we meet?"

"She avoids you, my Lord," anſwered ſhe tremuloufly, "be-"cauſe ſhe thought herſelf *hateful* "to you."——"We have deceived "each other then, Madam; and if "your

" your Ladyſhip will let me ſpeak " with you, I hope we may come " to a better underſtanding."—She told him this was no place for coming to an *ecclairciſſement*, but——— " You will give me the honor of " attending you at your own houſe " then?" ſaid he, before ſhe could finiſh her ſentence.——He did not ſolicit in vain: the *honor* of waiting upon her was allowed him, and the pacification was quickly concluded between them. They are now as united as people can be; ſhe has given over flirting, and he cannot be jealous. You would imagine I had beſtowed the greateſt favor on them both, they are ſo grateful for the ſervice my friendſhip has rendered them.

them. Mr. Walpole too acknowledges much obligation to me for my acquieſcence with his will, in being ſo much about with her, and thereby helping to diſperſe the calumnies which had been raiſed of her.

I have now done with raking, until ſix weeks or two months are over. I expected you and Sir Charles would have been in town ere this. I ſent to Albemarle-Street to enquire yeſterday, and hear you will not be up theſe ten days. I wiſh to have my Fanny with me when I am taken ill; and you muſt not exceed that time, or you will not be ſo uſeful to

Your affectionate

EMMA WALPOLE.

Mr.

Mr. WALPOLE to Lady NOEL.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Portman-Square.

EMMA was ſorry, my dear Lady Noel, that ſhe could not ſtay for your Ladyſhip's coming up; but the forward boy would not be kept back, though he was promiſed to be received ſoon after his entrance into the world by your fair hands. He will be more gallant when he has been ſome time in it. My charming Emma is ſafe, and in great joy on the birth of an heir.—I am more pleaſed on her account than on his, though

few

few ſons were more wiſhed for than he has been by me.

You muſt come directly to us, for he waits for your Ladyſhip to anſwer for his being a Chriſtian, and to inſtruct him better in what he owes to to you.

Noel and Charles, I know, muſt move whenever you pleaſe to direct them: you will have no hindrance then, *mia belliſſima*, in coming to

Your impatient friends,

E. and W. WALPOLE.

THE END.

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